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THE THEATRE



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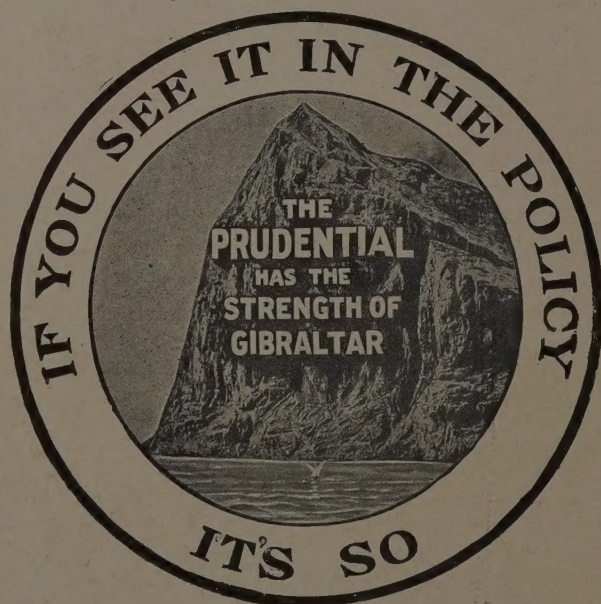
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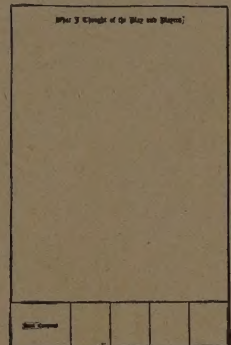
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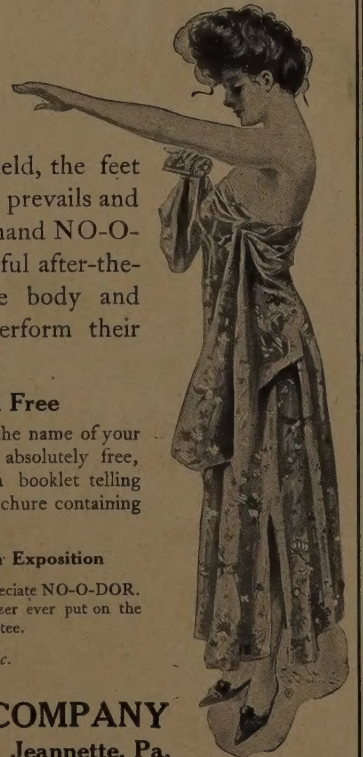
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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

G. F. Omaha.—Q.—Will you kindly print the full casts for Nat Goodwin's productions of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Midsummer Night's Dream"? A.—For the cast of the latter it will be necessary to write Mr. Goodwin. That of the former was as follows: Duke of Venice, Frank Weston; Prince of Morocco, William Courtleigh; Prince of Aragon, Frederick Perry; Bassanio, Aubrey Boucicault; Antonio, Macklyn Arbuckle; Salario, Arthur Garrels; Salanio, H. P. Stone; Gratino, Vincent Serrano; Lorenzo, Henry Woodruff; Shylock, N. C. Goodwin; Tubal, Neil O'Brien; Portia, Maxine Elliott; Nerissa, Annie Irish; Jessica, Effie Ellsler; Gobbo, W. J. LeMoynne; Launcelot Gobbo, J. E. Dodson; Leonardo, W. F. Simpson; Balthazar, S. M. Hall; Clerk of the Court, Frank Mayne.

A. B. C.—Kindly give me a synopsis of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's career. A.—After some experience as an amateur actress she made her professional debut at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, in November, 1888, in Vezin and Buchanan's play, "Bachelors." She toured in this and played various provincial engagements, appearing as Rachel Dennison in Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer's "Tares" company, and later leading Shakespearean roles with the Ben Greet company. Her first London appearance was at the Adelphi Theatre, March 18, 1890, as Helen in "The Hunchback." Later she gave single performances of Lady Teazle, Rosalind in "As You Like It," etc. She was the original Astrea in "The Trumpet Call," the first Paula in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and Dulcie in "The Masqueraders." In 1895 she appeared in the title role of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith," and the same year played Fedora and Juliet at the Lyceum Theatre, London. The following year she appeared in London as Magda, the Rat Wife in Ibsen's "Little Eyolf," and later succeeded Miss Achurch in the role of Rita in the same drama. In 1898 she appeared as Melisande in Maeterlinck's drama, "Pelleas and Melisande," and as Lady Macbeth. In 1904 she played the leading role in "Warp and Wool," etc. She has twice visited this country.

Kankakee.—Q.—In what plays has Miss Mary Shaw appeared this season? A.—In "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," and in "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Q.—Where was Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske born? A.—In New Orleans, La. Q.—Where can I get some genuine ruby-line? A.—We confess that we have never heard of this article.

Obliged.—Q.—Where was Maude Adams born? A.—In Salt Lake City. This question has been repeatedly answered in these columns. Q.—Was Marguerite Clark ever with "The Chaplons" company at the Broadway Theatre? A.—No. Q.—Was there ever a professional production of the drama, "The Princess of Bagdad," in New York? A.—Not to our knowledge.

J. D. C.—Q.—Is the Lillian Russell who is now playing "The Butterfly" the same Lillian Russell who was famous some years ago? A.—There has never been but one Lillian Russell, comic opera star, vaudeville head liner, and later appearing in legitimate comedy.

Constant Reader.—Q.—Would it be possible for a person who wrote a good play to have it staged, although he is not known in theatrical circles or as an author? A.—The fact that one is unknown will not prevent one from having his play staged and produced if it is good. Q.—Could the author take a prominent part in the play were he to manage it well? A.—Your question is somewhat vague. The author might take part in it; it would depend upon whether he were paying for the production or some manager. In the latter case the manager would hardly give the author an important rôle unless he were a well-known actor. It would be too likely to spell defeat for the play. Q.—Could a photograph of Helen Pullman of the "Prince Chap" company be secured, and at what price? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d Street, this city, from 75 cents up. J. M. A., Philadelphia.—Q.—Did you ever publish pictures of Miss Coralie Blythe? If so, where, and at what price can I get them? A.—We have not, but photographs may be had from 75 cents up from Messrs. Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d Street, this city.

M. S.—Q.—Will you kindly let me know if I can obtain a picture or photo of Mr. Henry Coote, who recently played the leading tenor rôle in "The Student King"? A.—No pictures of Mr. Coote have yet appeared in this magazine, but photographs of him may be had by addressing Messrs. Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d Street, this city.

B. T. I., Redlands, Cal.—Q.—Is Lewis Morrison, the noted actor in "Faust," dead? A.—He is; he died last winter.

X. Y. Z.—Can you tell me if Maude Adams will play in New York next winter? A.—Undoubtedly she will, but it is too early to state positively. Q.—Where can I get the book on which Eleanor Robson's play, "Salome Jane," is founded. A.—Write to any book store. No addresses given.

An Interested Child, Hartford, Conn.—Q.—Do you think Miss Maude Adams will ever play in "The Little Minister" again? A.—It is hardly probable. Q.—Have you had an interview with her since she began playing "Peter Pan"? A.—No.

F. D. D., San Francisco, Cal.—Can you give me the exact dates of the deaths of the people on the accompanying list? A.—Georgie Drew Barrymore, in 1893; Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, December, 1904; Benjamin Howard, 1906. Three questions only answered.

An Interested Subscriber.—Please publish the "all-star cast" of "The Two Orphans" which toured the west some time back? A.—The all-star cast which played at the New Amsterdam Theatre, this city, afterwards went on tour. As the play was given here the cast was as follows: Chevalier Maurice de Vaudrey, Kyrle Bellew; Count de Linieres, Frederick Perry; Picard, E. M. Holland; Jacques Frochard, Charles Warner; Pierre Frochard, James O'Neill; Marquis de Presles, Jameson Lee Finney; Doctor of the Hospitals, Frank Roberts; M. de Mailly, Stanley Jesson; M. D'Estrees, Stanley Hawkins; Martin, R. Paton Gibbs; Antoine, George S. Stevens; Lafleur, Frank Connor; Officer of the Guard, Basil West; Chief Clerk in the Ministry of Police, Henry J. Hadfield; Footman, Alfred James; Louise, Grace George; Henriette, Margaret Illington; Countess de Linieres, Annie Irish; La Frochard, Elita Proctor Otis; Marianne, Clara Blandick; Sister Genevieve, Clara Morris; Julie, Mona Harrison; Florette, Mignon Beranger; Cora, Corinne Parker; Sister Therese, Lucy Milliken.

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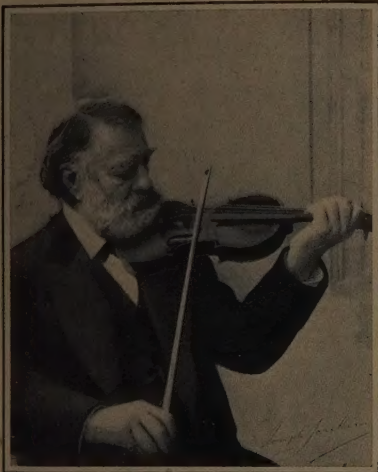
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Two Musicians Dead

JOSEPH JOACHIM

Joseph Joachim, the great violinist, died in Berlin on August 15 last. The famous virtuoso was born in Hungary, but came of German ancestry. At the time of his death he had been for twenty-seven years conductor of the Royal Academy of Music, Berlin, and under his directorship the Ber-

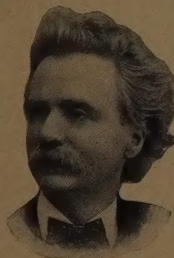


JOSEPH JOACHIM

Hochschule became the Mecca of violin students. Of him the *Philadelphia Inquirer* said: "It is thoroughly characteristic of Joachim's temperament and truly indicative of his attitude toward his art that it was not as a soloist that he preferred to make his public appeal. He was superbly equipped with all the gifts by which a great soloist needs to be distinguished. He was thorough master of his instrument, which he played in the grand style, with a noble tone, admirable alike in the amplitude of its volume and the beauty of its quality, and with an accuracy of execution which in his prime was quite impeccable. No one who has heard him render such a thing as 'Bach Chaconne' will admit that he has had superior or even an equal within living memory, will doubt that he might, had he wished, have ruled the world in triumph. But his ambition did not lie in that direction. It was his choice to interpret the masters rather than to exploit himself, and it was as the leader of the quartet in which Piatti was the cellist and F. Ries the second violin that what he would have considered his best work of his life was accomplished."

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG

It is a strange coincidence that Henrik Ibsen, author of "Peer Gynt," Edvard Grieg, who set his play to music, and Richard Mansfield, who produced it in America, should all three die within a few months of each other. Grieg, whose connection has been critical for a number of years, was born in Bergen, in 1843. He was of Scottish stock, his father having been British Consul in Bergen. His musical gift came from his mother, who was well known as a pianist. In 1858 he was sent to Leipzig to study and in 1863 he became a pupil of Niels Gade, a Scandinavian composer, who had considerable influence on his work. Grieg gave tangible evidence of his genius. After various musical activities and an artistic association with Liszt, he produced in 1879 his beautiful piano concerto, following this at intervals with other works that added to his renown.



EDVARD GRIEG

His fame, says W. J. Henderson in the *New York Sun*, will rest on his compositions, especially his songs and piano pieces. When he was a young student the influence of Mendelssohn was long the dominating spirit there, pre-eminently over musical art. Grieg cherished an ambition to produce genuinely national Scandinavian music. He soon developed a large and admirable talent for embodying in artistic forms musical idioms of his people. But he went further than this, for he disclosed genuine creative power in the composition of music, not only idiomatically, but imbued with the real spirit of the country and the people.

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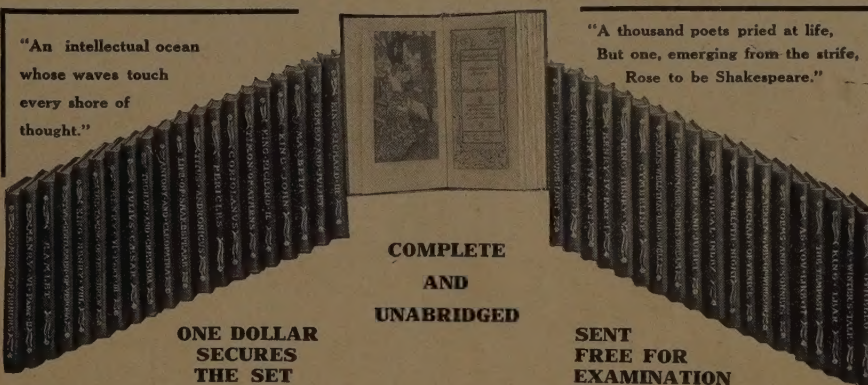
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Byron, N. Y.

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLLOW

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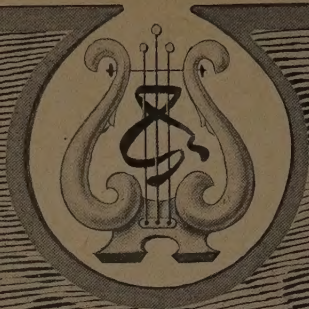
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Hall

Margaret Illington

Kyrle Bellew

Act II. Richard's wife confesses that she is the culprit

SCENE IN THE PRINCIPAL ACT OF "THE THIEF" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

PLAYS OF THE MONTH

LYCEUM. "THE THIEF." Drama in three acts by Henri Bernstein. Adapted by Haddon Chambers. Produced Sept. 9, with this cast:

Richard Voysin.....	Kyrle Bellew
Raymond Lagardes.....	Herbert Percy
M. Zambault.....	Sidney Herbert
Ferdinand Lagardes.....	Leonard Ide
Marie-Louise Voysin..	Margaret Illington
Isabelle Lagardes.....	Edith Osterle

M. Bernstein, author of "Le Voleur," is a graduate of the famous Théâtre Antoine, where they make a specialty of dramatic thrillers to whet the jaded appetite of the decadent Parisian playgoer. Unlike most dramatists of the ultra-modern French school, M. Bernstein runs to the sensational rather than to the morbid, and he loves to write scenes of great dramatic intensity. His present piece, which was the talk of the Gallic capital last season, is frank melodrama with tricks as old as drama itself. The play has not the slightest ethical or literary value, and its rather unsavory complication, based on a commonplace detective story, is weak on the score of plausibility. But the piece is remarkably well constructed, and it fairly bristles with dramatic situations which keep the audience tense with suspense almost to the fall of the final curtain. Theatrically it is most effective, and no doubt will draw crowds to the Lyceum for months to come. Its success with the public, however, is due less to the interest of the hackneyed story than to the dexterity with which the playwright has managed his big scenes. The mere incident of a woman stealing in order to be able to spend more on dress, and permitting suspicion for her thefts to rest upon a young man who loves her and is willing to sacrifice his reputation for his love, is trite enough. The strong hold of the play comes from its remarkable second act, in which appear only the two principals, husband and wife. It is a tremendous act, and for the opportunities it affords for splendid acting surpasses anything seen on our stage in many a moon. The woman, confronted by evidence of her duplicity, confesses to her horror-stricken husband that she is a thief. The anguish, rage and contempt of the man; the wailing of the wretched woman as she drags herself at his feet, her terror of exposure, and her cajolery of her husband in a vain attempt to silence his conscience by appealing to his sensuality—this scene is terrific in its power and magnificent in its opportunities. In the hands of gifted players it would sweep any audience off its feet. This act is all there is to the play. The other two acts are tame and colorless by comparison.

For his plot the author has used the same idea which was contained in the American play "Clothes," *i. e.*, that woman's love for expensive finery is likely to lead her into all kinds of trouble. Richard Voysin and his young bride, Marie, are guests in the house

of their wealthy friends, M. and Mme. Lagardes. The latter have a nineteen-year-old son, a taciturn youth named Ferdinand, who is addicted to reading Maupassant. The young man becomes madly infatuated with Mme. Voysin, who discourages him. He persists, however, and he creeps surreptitiously to her boudoir and secretes love missives where she is likely to discover them. Mme. Lagarde is careless about money matters, and has been accustomed to leave large sums in a drawer in her desk. It is discovered that 20,000 francs of this money have been stolen. M. Lagardes employs a detective, a French Sherlock Holmes, who comes to the house in the guise of a guest. He makes an investigation and finally announces that he has found the thief. He is requested to name the culprit in presence of the guests. He refuses, but finally consents. The thief, he tells the father, is his own son. The father angrily resents the accusation and sends for Ferdinand. He is nowhere to be found, but Mme. Voysin offers to go in search of him. Presently she returns announcing failure. At that instant Ferdinand appears. Charged by the detective, he at first denies, then admits his guilt, and the curtain falls on this situation. The real thief, of course, is Marie, the young bride, and it was during those few moments when she was ostensibly seeking for him in the garden that she prevailed upon Ferdinand to take the blame upon himself, together with a bunch of marked banknotes which she had in her possession. Young men of nineteen are liable to do foolish things, especially at the behest of a pretty woman, yet it is doubtful if any youth would deliberately ruin his career, and break his father's heart, to oblige a woman who was a self-confessed thief, and therefore wholly unworthy of any such heroic sacrifice. This is a weak spot in the premises of the plot, but one is inclined to swallow the improbability for the sake of the fine act that follows.

The Voysins have retired for the night, and Marie uses all her seductive arts to divert her husband's mind from the serious business of the evening. But he is in no mood for lovmaking. The blow that has fallen upon his friend grieves him. He cannot understand how the young man stole the money. In his perplexity, and in spite of Marie's protests, he experiments with a knife on a bureau drawer. To his amazement, he finds 6,000 francs in his wife's pocketbook. His suspicions are gradually aroused and, after a long-drawn-out scene, the young wife confesses she is the culprit. In the last act Ferdinand is cleared by Marie's voluntary admission, and the play ends conventionally by the two Voysins going to Brazil, so that Marie may rehabilitate herself.



White

MISS ETHEL JACKSON

Who plays the title rôle in the American production of "The Merry Widow"

To act the rôle of the wife as it should be acted would tax the powers of a Bernhardt—or a Nazimova! In the unpoetic parlance of the stage, it is one of the "fattest" parts that an ambitious actress could sigh for. That Miss Margaret Illington was able to get through it without mishap must be set down to her credit. There were moments even during the tense scenes in Act II when she surprised everybody by the forcefulness of her acting and the sincerity of her emotion. Such a moment was when, with proud dignity, she draws herself up and flings back at her husband his insinuation that she is an adulteress as well as a thief. During that brief instant Miss Illington succeeded in striking a true note. But she was not able to sustain it throughout a scene which lasted in the same key for forty minutes. It takes a genius to accomplish that. Most of the time the actress failed to hold her audience. She pleaded and wept, but no one was greatly moved, because the actress was impotent to convey across the footlights the illusion of truth. She was at no time under perfect self-control, possibly from nervousness, and she lacked the technical skill necessary to give the lights and shades their true values. Her diction, also, was faulty. It was difficult to understand always what she said, and this is a serious defect in a player. Nature has endowed Miss Illington with temperament and good looks. She has ability and the charm of youth. There is no reason why she should not occupy a commanding position on our stage. But the quickest way to success is not by acting rôles beyond her present powers. This ambitious young actress should put herself through a severe schooling and be content for a few years to act parts of less importance. It is unreasonable to expect that one so inexperienced can do complete justice to a rôle which would exhaust the resources of the world's most renowned tragediennes. Indeed, it is a question whether any American actress now available could play it better than Miss Illington plays it.

Mr. Bellew acted the part of the husband in his usual stiff and self-conscious manner. Herbert Percy was badly made up, but imparted the note of sincerity to the rôle of the father. Leonard Ide was peculiarly unsympathetic as the son. Sidney Herbert was excellent as the detective.

Mr. Frohman has staged the play richly and tastefully.

WALLACK'S. "THE RANGER." Play in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced September 2 with this cast:

Mrs. Davis.....	Mathilde Dreschon	Hogan	John Adolphi
Elmira Nettleman.....	Florence Auer	Police	Antonio Nevarro
O'Fallon	Frank Nelson	Mr. Osgood	Frank Burbeck
Jonas Nettleman.....	George K. Henery	Dorothy Osgood.....	Mary Boland
Mr. Harrington.....	Charles Lane	Ellen Ainsley.....	Jane Marbury
"Jack" Blennus.....	Sam D. Merrill	MacLane	Alexander King, Jr.
"Skip" Sanger.....	Edward Dillon	Hutchins.....	Henry Keller
Captain Esmond.....	Dustin Farnum	El Capitan Gavino.....	Fermin Ruiz
Missouri	Wallace McCutcheon	Lieut. Jordan.....	Sam D. Merrill

Mr. Augustus Thomas holds a unique position among our dramatists. In respect to Americanism, he stands foremost. From every point of view he impresses with his capaciousness of mind, breadth of opinion, solidity of conviction, independence of thought and humor in expression. His plays are all of the soil. From his own speech before the curtain on the first production of "The Ranger," we take it that his purpose with the play was mainly political, and that he had modified the play in deference to the conservatism of his manager, Mr. Charles Frohman, who thought it unwise to offend Mexico. Perhaps it was the better part of wisdom not to offend Diaz, but even as it is, Mr. Thomas has firmly established in his play the points that the Mexican is an undersized brute who should be wiped off the face of the earth, and that We are the people to do it, and should do it. This is interesting. It is much more interesting than the play itself, and leaves Mr. Dustin Farnum, as the hero of the piece, out of the question. The play is a series of pictures that reveal the Mexican in all his meanness and greasiness. As a play "The Ranger" cannot be taken seriously. It has scenes here and there that only a man of the best dramatic skill and force can write, but they are



Hall

MISS VIRGINIA HARNED

Now appearing in a dramatization of Tolstoi's novel "Anna Karenina"

altogether out of proportion to the results of the play itself. Within half an hour after the curtain rises, a man accused of purloining ore from a mine is captured, questioned, ordered to be shot, and is shot after he has been permitted to roll a cigarette which is to go up in a puff with his life. Such a volley, from nine or ten rifles, with one sound and one flash, piercing the man's heart and toppling him over, is a thrilling dramatic effect, wholly unpermissible in a play that misses fire itself. This happens in the middle of an act, a mere trifle in the action, but it sets the pace. After this we are stifled with alkali dust, starved, and are athirst for many a day while under siege. We are in danger of death constantly. Our daughters and sweethearts, and a further miscellany of women, are threatened with unspeakable outrages at the hands of the peons of Mexico. We have deadly rivals. The man we have ordered shot is believed to be the wandering black sheep from the flock to which our ewe lamb belongs. He is or was our sweetheart's brother. We go through the play trying to keep back from her the dread fact. We are supposed to interest the audience by making passionate love to her while the villain is undermining us in her affections. While we are doing this we are very doubtful of our own heroism, and we are sure that we are loving to no purpose. It is certainly not a pleasing situation for anybody concerned in the acting or in seeing and hearing what is said and done. Nor is this interest restored when the brother turns up alive at the end of the play. The play has practically been about nothing. It is without substance. The

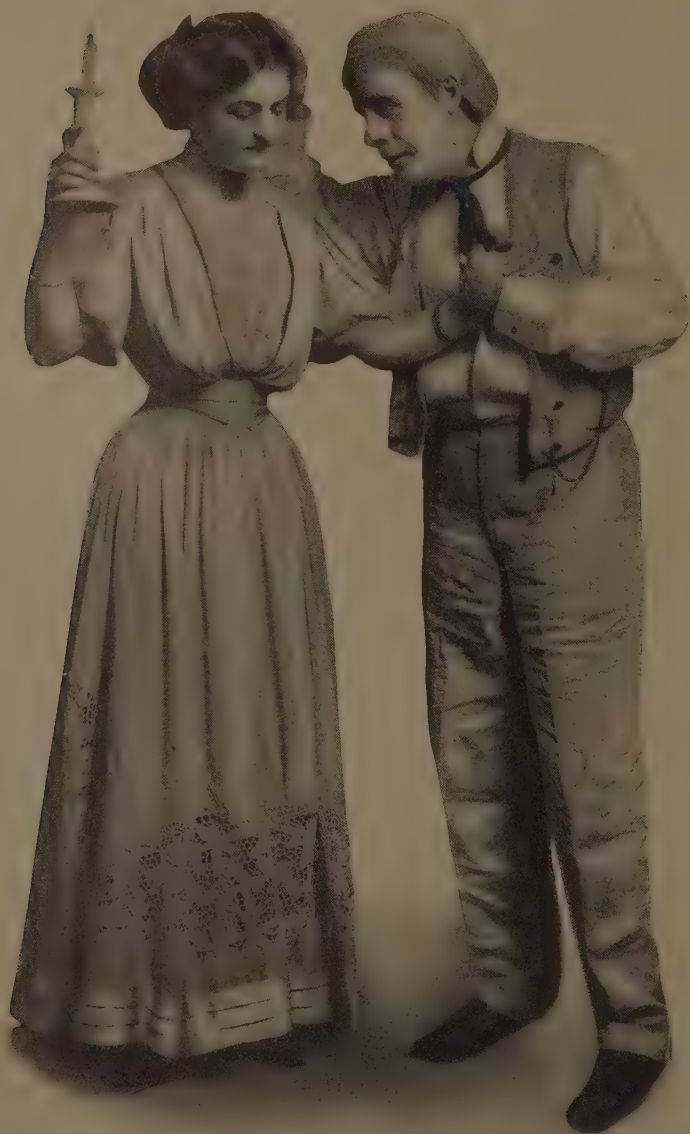
shooting of a man by a squad of Rangers is dramatic, in a sense, if you will. Many other scenes are dramatic enough, but they are forty miles away from any proper plot. If a plot has no substance, no amount of action will help the play. That Mr. Thomas has his people besieged as in "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and "The Siege of Lucknow" is in itself a trivial matter. If the true action of a new play calls for such a scene, any charge of weakness of invention may easily be untrue. If our American dramatist, who has gained the admiration of his public, had chosen David Crockett and the massacre at Alamo for his subject, would he have had occasion to apologize to any other dramatist who had used a similar scene? Should Crockett be excluded from the drama because of similarities in circumstance? It is very possible that Mr. Thomas had Alamo in mind. If the plot in this play were good and true the scene in question *might* have swallowed up the two other scenes involved and had room for more. We do not believe there is any other dramatist who could have better succeeded than Mr. Thomas in his photographic fidelity to the life that he depicts. He goes back to nature with unerring observation and sympathy; but he must not hold to any false idea that Life, in itself, is drama. Art or technique is also Nature or it is nothing.

HERALD SQUARE. "ANNA KARENINA." Drama founded on Tolstoi's novel by Edmond Guiraud. Adapted by Thomas Wm. Broadhurst. Produced September 2 with this cast:

Alexis Karenin.....	John Mason	Anna Karenina.....	Virginia Harned
Vronsky.....	Robert Warwick	Dolly, Princess Oblonsky...	Marie Curtis
Stiva.....	Albert Gran	Countess Miagkaia.....	Ann Warrington
Serponkhovskoi.....	Del De Lewis	Kitty.....	Harriet Broadhurst
Prince Cherbatsky.....	Geo. Riddell	Lydia Ivanovna.....	Maye Louise Aigen
Kapitonitch.....	H. W. Collins	Serge Karenin.....	Poster Williams
Golinitcheff.....	Colin Varrey	Princess Cherbatsky.....	Genevieve Reynolds
Wassili Loukevitch.....	Frank Davis	Piotr.....	Henry Cowan

In reading Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina," a novel at once both interesting and tedious, one recognizes in it many structural elements that have long been familiar in literature. The woes of a mother separated from her child by her own fault, and the pathetic anguish of embracing the child and listening to its prattle for a moment at some ingeniously contrived occasion, belong to ancient expedients of the stage. A score or more of dramatizations of "Anna Karenina" have been submitted to our managers within the past few years, and have been rejected because of the similarity with "Frou Frou." It is not likely that even a Russian dramatist could make more of the play than the present version in which Miss Virginia Harned is appearing. He might give more of the spirit and philosophy of the novel, and he would be truer to the details of the actual life and character and social relations depicted, but even he could not reproduce the minute masterstrokes of the great writer and interminable philosophizer. We do not mean that Tolstoi is a verbal philosophizer. His philosophy is mainly conveyed indirectly by means of objectivity. In the form of narrative he tells of social evils in a country in which the morals of the controlling classes are corrupt. The situation, an inexplicable confusion of the highest refinement and proudest sense of honor, with a most horrible austerity of authority and a cruel perversion of justice, is something that not even Tolstoi can convey to us. We see his lightning strike, but we do not know what it has struck. It has sounded near, but the object of his wrath is far away from us. In short, the play itself is merely a conventional theatrical piece. All drama must entertain, and this play serves the purpose of entertainment.

Audiences, and consequently actors, must have something new every season. If it be absolutely true that they *must* have something new every season, the voracity of the public is appalling, and it is an open question whether blame is to be attached to the public or the actors. Novelty is certainly requisite in its commercial value, but the "necessity of it" appears childish, ridiculous and paradoxical when we consider that there is no novelty whatever of idea in this play except mechanical novelty. No heroine ever committed suicide under a rushing and roaring express train more satisfactorily, in a spectacular sense, than the Anna Karenina to whom we are now paying our respect. The realistic manner of her taking off, tearful in the extreme, should preclude Miss



Hall

RICHARD GOLDEN AND KATHERINE FLORENCE IN "THE OTHER HOUSE"



Chester W. Beecroft

Neil Moran

Fred Peters

Mary Hampton

Jameson Lee Finney

Elsie Leslie

Robt. Tesseman

NELL (Elsie Leslie): Give it to me, mamma! You're putting it in his eyes!

SCENE IN "THE MAN ON THE CASE" AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE

Harned from taking a curtain call after she is dead; but this incident of mistaken judgment, which she will surely correct hereafter, only goes to prove that actors too frequently do not take their plays seriously, and that plays are simply regarded as so much merchandise. The speeding of the train through an open cut, only the sparks from the engine and the lights from the transoms of the cars being seen, is something new. We do not condemn such stage effects; but we much more prize the newness in the acting of Mr. John Mason in the part of Alexis Karenin. We prefer the living force in the man to all the mechanical speed and illusion that can be given by an imitation of steam, red-hot cinders, the flare of light belching from the smoke stack against the opaque blackness, or to the stage manager and all his works. The theatrical trickiness of the play is obvious; the first act is sometimes stupid, and always awkwardly written, but a considerable number of scenes are true drama. We might enumerate half a dozen, some of them old, but good scenes true and tried, which reach the heart and are as close to nature as the stage can come.

Miss Harned is too comfortable and comely in her looks to entirely obliterate the personal equation. She sometimes affords the older of us more pleasure than woe in passages in which the sinuous Bernhardt and the quietly emotional Duse, both acting under the sign of Aquarius, would make us forget, the one her pet tiger and the other that she was weak enough to be made ridiculous by a degenerate poet. We do not mean to say that Miss Harned does not display emotion deftly. She exhibits a variety of passion with great skill, and from many eyes she gets the responsive tear. At what point in the play she does this, it is not necessary to dwell on in detail, for any knowledge of "East Lynne" and "Frou Frou" will furnish the information. There are many scenes that belong exclusively to Tolstoi. One of them is where a telegram is received telling Anna Karenina that

Vronsky still lives. Her husband opens it, and resorts to a trick to discover the extent of her feeling toward Vronsky. He tells her that her lover is dead. The revelation is effected. In another Alexis pinches the boy in order to have Anna rush back. It is a tribute to Mr. John Mason's art to say that we believe no other actor on our stage could better his performance of aristocratic strength of character, perversity of point of view and refined brutality.

EMPIRE. "MY WIFE." Comedy in four acts by Messrs. Garault and Charnay. Adapted by Michael Morton. Produced with this cast:

Gerald Eversleigh.....	John Drew	Crocker.....	Rex McDougall
The Hon. Gibson Gore.....	Ferd. Gottschalk	Head Waiter.....	E. Soldene Powell
Captain Putnam Fuzby.....	Walter Soderling	René Falandrés.....	Frank Goldsmith
M. Dupré.....	Morton Seltén	Beatrice Dupré.....	Billie Burke
Baron Granclos.....	Albert Roccardi	Miriam Hawthorne.....	Dorothy Tennant
M. Valboure.....	Mario Majeroni	Mrs. Denham Lane.....	Ida Greeley Smith
M. Potin.....	Axel Bruun	Baroness Granclos.....	Hope Latham
Davies.....	Herbert Budd	Mme. Dupré.....	Mrs. Kate Patison Seltén

Beatrice Dupré's parents insist that she shall marry the man of their choice. Beatrice, however, has set her affections upon René Falandrés, and in her extremity goes to her English guardian, Gerald Eversleigh, and begs his assistance. As René is compelled to go abroad for a year, she naïvely suggests that Gerald shall marry her—in form only—and that at the end of the year a divorce shall be obtained, after which she will be free to take unto herself M. René. With some trepidation Gerald, a man of the world, agrees. The unique position in which he is placed leads to various misunderstandings. He is compelled to fight a duel, he and his "wife" quarrel and part to the consternation of her parents, while his seeming indifference to his new bride is entirely misunderstood by his friends. Beatrice, however, is of a charming personality, and awakes in her pseudo-husband the springs of genuine feeling, while she in turn falls under the influence of his generosity, kindness and nobility of soul. When

(Continued on page xi.)



White Chudleigh says his wife's extravagance has made him a criminal

DOROTHY DONNELLY AND VINCENT SERRANO IN MARTHA MORTON'S PLAY "THE MOVERS"



The repentant Marion implores forgiveness of her husband

Percy MacKaye's Poetic Tragedy "Sappho and Phaon"

IS the New Theatre already inaugurated? Are we confronted not only with the theory, but actually with the condition of a native classical and poetic drama, readable as literature, and at the same time practicable for the popular stage, where it is presented by our leading players under a management that is not sordidly commercial first, last and all the time?

Such is the fancy that briefly possesses us on opening the handsome and brand-new volume, decorated with a Greek frieze, in which is set forth "Sappho and Phaon; A Tragedy with a Prologue, Induction, Prelude, Interludes and Epilogue, by Percy MacKaye." We know that this play was underlined for production last season by Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe. Their plans having suffered a sea-change, the interesting announcement is now made that the stage rights of "Sappho and Phaon" in America are owned by Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske for Madame Bertha Kalich.

Now it is a self-evident proposition that a play harking back some twenty-five centuries to the time when burning Sappho loved and sung at Lesbos, in the Ægean Sea, must have some modern clutch if it is expected to appeal to American audiences to-day. Whether or not Mr. MacKaye's work has this modern

clutch the reader may possibly be helped to surmise by a simple outline of its somewhat elaborate and complicated structure.

It is a play within a play—a shadow within a dream—a Greek tragedy in three acts, set amidst a little quasi-comedy scene of archæologists in the present year of grace, 1907, disputing over the excavation of Herculaneum. Between this Prologue and the tragedy proper there is a sort of half-way station in the form of an "Induction," time about 29 B. C., showing us the dressing room of the Pompeian players who are about to enact "Sappho and Phaon" in the private theatre of its Roman author, one Varius, at Herculaneum, with the poets Horace and Virgil among those present as guests and critics. Following the Induction comes a Prelude of scenic and pantomimic character, designed to make clear to the audience in the theatre what is shown the reader in the book by means of an ingenious ground-plan or diagram—namely, that there is a stage within a stage, so that the modern spectator sees the tragedy from the same viewpoint that the Herculaneum playgoer did, and at the same time is enabled to peer behind the scenes, as it were, so as to take in all that goes on back of the dividing wall, where the Roman "stars" made up for their parts and gossiped with their friends. The

two entr'actes in the tragedy proper are occupied with pantomimic interludes, after the ancient fashion in which various masked and unmasked characters, mutes and lyrics perform the fable of "Hercules and the Sphinx" in dumb show.

The modern actress—who is to be Mme. Kalich in Mr. Fiske's production—to whom the rôle of Sappho is entrusted in the tragedy, also impersonates, in the Induction, the female "mime," Navoleia, of the Herculaneum theatre. The modern leading man doubles—or rather triples—the parts of Medbery, an American archæologist, in the Prologue; Actius, the Pompeian player, in the Induction; and Phaon in the Tragedy.

We think we can see already the stage manager's blue pencil playing havoc with Mr. MacKaye's preludes, pantomimes, Greek and Latin quotations, hexameters, octosyllabics, choruses, blank-verse lyrics and long pages of erudite and poetically worded stage directions, *à la* Ibsen and Bernard Shaw. Yet, no matter how much may be cut out, the contemporaneous excavation of Herculaneum must and will remain a leading, if not *the* leading, motive-idea of this curiously composite play.

Why so much insistence on Herculaneum? Medbery explains it in one of his neat little 500-word speeches in the Prologue:

"Here was one spot—one only in all the soil of Europe—where the Goth had never pillaged, the Saracen had never burned, the insensate Christian centuries had never ravaged—the art, the loveliness, the knowledge of the ancient world. And this one spot was saved from these ravages of man by Nature herself—saved by fire, by the cataclysm of Vesuvius. Two thousand years in lava and oblivion! and you [Di Selva, the archæologist, and the King of Italy] said to the nations, Look!—Hellas, Alexandria, Rome, the Augustan Age, they are not burned, not crumbled; their marbles, their pillars, their papyri, exist now and here, they are yours to-day—*yours*, and for what? Why, for a pick and a shovel and a penny

and a heart of desire from every man of you. . . . And will not man—all the nations of mankind—dig a hundred feet to restore the sun to Sophocles and Sappho and Menander?"

The Italian laborers are at work with their picks and shovels and singing meanwhile:

"Addio, mia bella Napoli,"

just as the tourist may hear them any day as he rides in a trolley car from Naples up the lower slopes of Vesuvius to Resina, the modern town on the site of buried Herculaneum. It is lunch time, and they are knocking off work. Medbery sits musing alone in the dim frescoed chamber which, from an antique bronze make-up box and various "props," the diggers have identified as the greenroom of Varius' private theatre. Suddenly—no doubt Medbery has fallen into a doze—the scene fades and changes into what it was about the year 29 B. C., and the American archæologist becomes the Pompeian player, Actius, conning his part from a papyrus roll, and handing out persiflage to Horace, Virgil and other first-night critics who come to "knock the show," as their Manhattanese successors would say. This scene, in its turn, melts and merges into "a high promontory, overlooking the Ægean Sea, sprinkled with isles," with temples of Aphrodite and Poseidon, a sacred grove, statues of the deities "conceived with the naïve, pre-classic simplicity of an age still half Homeric," and other novel stage-settings calculated to conjure up an atmosphere of old Mitylene in Lesbos.

The Tragedy begins at last.

Here we are hedged in with the Greek unities of time, place and action. This scene on the Leucadian cliff remains the same throughout, and the time of the whole three acts is not more than



White

Malcolm Duncan

Nellie Thorne

W. J. Ferguson

Ida Waterman

Dorothy Donnelly

Act III. Marion denounces her family's unmoral manner of living.
SCENE IN MARTHA MORTON'S PLAY "THE MOVERS" AT HACKETT'S THEATRE

twelve hours, beginning in the late afternoon of one spring day and ending the next morning at sunrise.

Sappho, the sweet-voiced Lesbian singer, "lady of violets and of reverie," coming from the temple surrounded by girl disciples and lovers of various degrees, meets the fisherman and public slave, Phaon, who has come to offer a dove to the god of the sea. Phaon has a wife and children—but what of that?

"It matters not.

Love is indeed goddess and god, and man
And woman, and the world! What shall it boot
To argue with the shy anemone,
Or reason with the rose?—This air is spring,
And on this isle of Flowers we all are lovers."

In Act II, with a key she has wheedled from Pittacus, the tyrant of Mitylene, Sappho unfastens the bronze yoke-ring from the neck of Phaon, exclaiming:

"Phaon of Lesbos is dead. Phaon of Hellas is risen!
Phaon of all the Æolian isles—of the ages that will be
Unto the Autumn of time: Phaon, the freedman of Sappho."

They fly together, seaward, down the face of the cliff, Sappho exclaiming:

"We must dare all to be
Ourselves.—Your arms, love!—Now to the world's end,
The islands of the Cyclops in the seas!"

It is (Act III) the cold gray dawn of the morning after. According to the half-page of poetic stage directions at this point, "earliest daybreak is beginning to struggle faintly with the light of the low moon, muffled now by masses of slowly indrifting fog in the background." Sappho and Phaon have returned to the shrine of Poseidon, knowing that god to be angry in his disapproval of their conduct. Phaon's deserted but faithful wife, Thalassa, with her two children, has been watching through the night, keeping the beacon light burning and crooning a mournful song to Hesper. Upon her babes, it seems, the wrath of Poseidon is to be visited as a punishment to Phaon because he gave the dove to Sappho, instead of offering it as a sacrifice at the altar of the sea-deity. Phaon would fain appease the offended Poseidon, and sets out to find a victim. Footsteps and the sound

of a lyre are approaching through the darkness. Phaon thinks it is Alcæus, who abused him while he was yet a slave, and who was his unsuccessful rival for Sappho's love. "He comes for sacrifice; the god, not I, hath summoned him!" cries Phaon, seizing the knife of ritual from the altar. He strikes out blindly; the victim falls, dying—not the mocking Alcæus, but the little boy, Bion, Phaon's own son, who had come searching for "Babbo," his father.

Then Phaon, "with sullen fierceness, slave-like," approaches Sappho and cries:

"Goddess, be merciful—thou that hast maddened me! Thou that in longing

Infinite yearnest for life, be appeased now. For thee—for thee, this Sacrifice! Look, we have made our offering. There is our life-blood!"

Phaon and Thalassa go into the temple. Sappho, from her place by the edge of the cliff, as the crimson dawn begins to break, cries out to Aphrodite:

Beautiful sister, goddess of Desire,
Come to me! Clasp me in your wings of sunrise
Burning, for see! I go forth to you burning still. 'Aphrodite!' And she leaps off into the fog and disappears.

Gradually, then (we are quoting Mr. MacKaye's stage directions) on the foggy texture of this obscurity, the outlines of another scene become apparent, while the female voices chanting "Hymenæon!" in the temple die away and the male voices, blending, pass without cessation into a song of different melody in Italian. It is the Neapolitan laborers in the excavation of Herculaneum—and Medbery himself is now discovered there, brooding in the ancient theatre, just as we left him in the Prologue. A workman with a torch picks up something from the newly-dug débris and hands it to the pensive archæologist.

"A lyre of tortoise-shell! How long it has lain silent in the heart of Time! Ah, no!—this was no dream. Here Sappho dreams—buried, but not dead. Here we shall find her asleep in the arms of her lover—the Antique World:—And I shall awaken her! Laborers, to your work! Your picks are ready; the lava crumbles. Scavate! Dig—dig!"

As the laborers resume their labor and their song the modern curtain falls and the play ends.

HENRY TYRRELL.

Some More Curiosities of Dramatic Criticism

IT is a common saying among managers that a dramatic criticism is only one person's opinion. As a rule, the consensus of opinion among writers for the press regarding any given production is about the same. The late A. M. Palmer used to say that if all the printed criticisms of a play were put into a pot and left to simmer over a slow fire, the truth regarding the play in question would be found in the residue. Critics have no heaven-given mission to review dramatic performances. Their judgment is often at fault. Take, for example, "The Lion and the Mouse." Scoffed at by the critics, it proved to be one of the most successful plays ever produced on our stage. Other similar failures to correctly gauge the public taste could be mentioned. Two critics may, and often do, take entirely different views of the same production. Under these conditions unanimity of opinion is impossible. But it is seldom that the reviewers for two important newspapers are so entirely at variance as were recently the critics respectively of the *World* and *Sun* on the occasion of the production of Augustus Thomas' new play "The Ranger," at Wallack's. If dramatic criticism, by reason of its lack of unanimity and its many contradictions, is often perplexing to the lay reader, what a stupefying effect must be produced in the minds of author and producer when they read such diametrically opposite opinions as these:

THE WORLD

Augustus Thomas hit the target squarely in the center with "The Ranger" last night. He has written before with tenderer romantic feel-

THE SUN

Augustus Thomas recently took a trip to Mexico and returned with six packing cases full of local color. But unfortunately he left his

ing—"Alabama;" with finer sense of dramatic situation—"Arizona;" with keener humor—"The Earl of Pawtucket." But not once has he used the heavy machinery and bold colors of rough melodrama to make a more effective and picturesque presentment of actual things than in his new play at Wallack's. Simon-pure melodrama it is. But who shall say that melodrama, expertly handled, is not the most vivid form of theatrical expression? This new play may seem a little disorderly at times. In some places its glaring colors may appear to be laid on a bit too freely. The objection is sure to be raised that it leans too heavily upon the big scenes of "The Siege of Lucknow." . . . Yet these possible defects do not count against the drama's supreme merit that it gets its roots down into human nature, that its characters are shown not only outside but inside, that it does not once lose the quality of dramatic suspense, that its interest is unflagging and that it does not fail to be at all times picturesque to the eye. Its hinges may be a bit rusty, but it swings in a wide radius. It is put together with expert craftsmanship. And last but not least, it is well stage-managed and acted.

dramaturgic skill behind. Doubtless he will get it back again; it would be a public calamity if he should not. But meanwhile he has written "The Ranger," shown at Wallack's Theater last night with Dustin Barnum as the star. To discuss "The Ranger" seriously as drama is to confess that if the last act is a trial, the first three are a tribulation. Nobody can object, of course, if Mr. Thomas wishes to write melodrama, pure and unspotted from the world of facts. But those who care for the stage in this country can object very seriously when a playwright of Mr. Thomas' stature and approved ability writes melodrama that isn't even good by its own laws, that would be even less effective in Eighth Avenue than in Broadway. Your Eighth Avenue audience would demand after the first curtain had fallen some hint of the struggle to come, some tangible thread of the plot laid bare and some expectancy created. Mr. Thomas' first act is blind, leading nowhere, creating no suspense. In later acts the thread is clear enough, the effort at suspense is made, but it is futile effort. The play by its own standards is a failure.



JOHN DREW AND MISS BILLIE BURKE IN "MY WIFE" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE



UMBERTO GIORDANO
Author of "Siberia," new opera which will be seen at the Metropolitan this season

Richter to Direct Opera Here



FRANCESCO CILEA
Author of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," operatic novelty to be heard at the Metropolitan this season

Richter, one speaks of the Grand Llama of Wagner conductors, the Chief Apostle who breakfasted, lunched, and supped with Saint Richard of Bayreuth and received from him the sacred signs and mystic formulæ known to-day to all devout Wagnerians as "the true traditions." In the other arts, there also are true traditions, but the claimants are many who insist that they stood upon the Mount and received them. In music, no division of opinion obtains on that score when the question is one of Wagner interpretation. The hill of Bayreuth is the Holy Mount of modern music, and by acclaim of all the Wagner world—and permission of Mother Cosima and Son Siegfried—Hans Richter reigns alone as the supreme expounder of "Nibelungen" mysteries, "Meistersinger" melodies, "Tristan" transports, and "Parsifal" paroxysms. It is even hinted that Frau Wagner is not entirely a stranger to Dr. Richter's sudden decision to come to New York, the doughty widow seeing in the famous conductor's appearance at a rival opera house sweet revenge for Herr Conried's unauthorized production of "Parsifal."

Richter's chief directorial characteristics are fiery temperament—by no means dimmed in this, his sixty-fourth year—strict observance of the letter of Wagner laws as handed down to him by their father, iron rhythm which thrills and inspires by its very inflexibility, and a marvelous and unique ability to weld a Wagner performance into unity and present it as a homogeneous whole rather than as a succession of detached pictorial scenes and solo episodes. Manhattan most assuredly will sit up when

Richter wakes the echoes with his Olympian reading of "Götterdämmerung" and his heavenly and moving representation of "Meistersinger."

His career, previous to October, 1866, had been exceedingly like that of hundreds of other European *Capellmeisters* who take up the baton profession much as an American might go into medicine or law; that is, absolve a theoretical course at some accredited institution, begin practical work in a minor position, and trust to diligence, talent, and chance to do the rest. The young Hungarian Richter learned to sing as a choirboy at the Royal Vienna Chapel and later acquired a knowledge of counterpoint, piano-playing, and horn-blowing at the famous *Conservatorium* in that city. His twenty-third birthday found Hans presiding over the French horn at the Kärntnerthor Opera in Vienna and it found him also in a position to fill the bill when Wagner asked his friend Esser "to locate and send to Lucerne a young musician who knew how to copy orchestral scores neatly and correctly." Richter was the selection, and to Lucerne he went forthwith, where he transcribed the first "Meistersinger" score for the engraver, and at Tribschen (the Wagner villa) watched the making of that Wagner-Wesendonck romance, which led to such bitter scenes between Minna Wagner and her husband, and very nearly caused the trusting Herr Wesendonck to dispossess his wife's composer-friend from Tribschen, a Wesendonck property lent to Wagner rent free. Richter must have seen more than he cares to talk about, for when he was asked whether Mathilda Wesendonck really is the heroine of "Tristan and Isolde" (as would appear from the Richard Wagner-Mathilda Wesendonck correspondence made public a year or so ago) he smiled and said enigmatically enough: "Why do you come to me? Wagner's life, like his music, needs no annotators. Both speak for themselves."

If previous to October, 1866, Richter's career was much like that of other *Capellmeisters*,



Hoffert, Berlin

DR. HANS RICHTER

Famous Bayreuth conductor who is coming to America this fall to direct Wagnerian opera at the Manhattan Opera House



Scene from Act I



The opening scene of Act II



Scene from Act II

SCENES IN GIORDANO'S OPERA "SIBERIA," WHICH WILL BE GIVEN AT THE METROPOLITAN THIS SEASON



SCHIALIAPINE IN THE RUSSIAN OPERA
"L'ALBERGO DEI POVERI"



SCHIALIAPINE, FAMOUS RUSSIAN BASSO



SCHIALIAPINE AS MEFISTOFELE IN
BOITO'S OPERA

Schialiapine, who will appear at the Metropolitan, is a rival of Didur. He is a Russian, and had the greatest success last year at La Scala, where he was the leading basso. He is somewhat younger than Didur. Mefistofele in Boito's opera is a sensationally successful rôle with him. He is also remarkable as Mephistopheles in "The Damnation of Faust" by Berlioz. He excels in the art of makeup, and his acting and interpretations of every rôle are carefully planned out as to minutest details.

after the meeting with Wagner it was vastly different. Recommended by his illustrious employer, the youthful musician obtained an appointment as chorusmaster at the Munich Opera in 1867 and soon thereafter conducted orchestral concerts and operatic performances in that city. His activities in the Bavarian capital lasted three years, and then Wagner sent him to Brussels, there to rehearse and conduct the first Belgian production of "Lohengrin." Followed ten months more with Wagner at Tribschen (Lucerne) and a four years' directorial command of the National Opera at Buda-Pesth—the highest obtainable distinction for a Hungarian musician in his own country. The nearby Austrian capital soon cast covetous eyes upon the magnetic conductor who "looked like a schoolmaster and led like a Tartar," as the great critic Hanslick wrote to a friend after hearing a Richter performance in Buda-Pesth. Richter was engaged as second *Capellmeister* at the Vienna Opera, and when Hellmesberger died in 1895, became his successor as head of the institution and leader as well of the celebrated Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and the no less renowned *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*, also an orchestral organization.

Richter did not jump at once from Buda-Pesth to Vienna as might be supposed from the chronological part of this sketch, for the years 1876 and 1877 found him doing the most important work of his life, which was nothing less than the rôle of chief assistant to Wagner in the preparation of the first Bayreuth Festival (1876) and the wielding of the baton when that series of epoch-making performances finally became a

living reality. Fired with apostolic zeal, Richter went to London in 1877 and at Albert Hall alternated with Wagner in the conductorship of the famous series of concerts given by them in order to raise funds for the continuance of the Bayreuth Festivals, which drifted into parlous circumstances after the enthusiasm of the brilliant initiation died away and the large deficit stared Wagner's patrons in the face. Richter was building better than he knew at the time he made his London success with Wagner, for many years afterwards, when Vienna began to chafe under the vigorous discipline of the conductor who had grown despotic with his increasing triumphs, it was the English capital which came forward with a munificent financial offer, and secured the greatest Wagner leader for Covent Garden. Since 1876, he has been also the conductor-in-chief of all the Bayreuth Festivals. L. L.



Varische Artico Co., Milan

ABRAMO DIDUR

This famous Polish basso comes to the Manhattan Opera House, where he will undoubtedly be heard in some of the Wagner operas. When this singer appeared in La Scala in "Rheingold," one critic wrote of him: "Rarely has been heard in La Scala a voice as magnificent as that of Didur, an authentic basso cantante. Full, plastic and full of color, it is a true voice of Wotan." He also has won renown for his wonderful Mefistofele in Boito's opera.

Schialiapine, the Russian basso who is to be heard at the Metropolitan this season, worked at his trade of shoemaker at the same time that Gorki worked as a baker in a shop opposite to that of the future singer. They met again when both had changed their occupations, and were employed in the railway of the Ural. The third time Schialiapine saw Gorki on the Volga, at which time he had already read and admired his writings. Schialiapine was at first an amateur, and by turns actor, operetta singer, wandering peddler. He worked in the theatre at Tiflis, was a porter and chorus singer at Kasan, finally recommended by an artist to Professor Oussotof, of Tiflis, who gave him his first lessons, with such results that he was engaged in St. Petersburg.

American Stage in Danger, Says William Winter



WILLIAM WINTER

THAT the actual conditions of the stage in America are deplorable, giving thoughtful playgoers cause for genuine concern is indisputable. Under the present baneful star system which stunts the actor's artistic growth, making of him a mere automaton, in the control of a coterie of business men who avowedly have little sympathy with the drama save as a source of money-making, the character of the theatre in this country is deteriorating, the race of actors is slowly dying out, the general drift is downwards toward the commonplace and the vulgar. William Winter, the veteran poet and critic, sounds the slogan of alarm in the *Saturday Evening Post*. What, he asks, are the causes that have produced this disastrous result?

"The major causes are the prevalence of materialism, infecting all branches of thought; and of commercialism, infecting all branches of action. The public is not blameless, because public opinion and sentiment—meaning the general condition and attitude of the public mind—react upon those who address the public. The theatrical audience of this period is largely composed of vulgarians, who know nothing about art or literature and who care for nothing but the solace of their common tastes and animal appetites: on that point observation of the faces and manners of the multitude would satisfy any thoughtful observer; and, because the audience is largely of this character, the theatre has become precisely what it might have been expected to become when dependent on such patronage. It has passed from the hands that ought to control it—the hands either of actors who love and honor their art, or of men endowed with the temperament of the actor and acquainted with his art and its needs—and, almost entirely, it has fallen into the clutches of sordid, money-grubbing tradesmen, who have degraded it. Throughout the length and breadth of the United States speculators have captured the industry that they call 'the Amusement Business' and have made 'a Corner in Theatricals.'

"A 'department-store' administration of the theatre, dispensing dramatic performances precisely as vendors dispense vegetables, must, necessarily, vulgarize the vocation of the actor, dispelling its glamor of romance and making it mechanical and common. In the old theatrical days the actor, no doubt, sometimes had reason to feel that, more or less, he was 'tolerated' by 'the gentry'; but that posture of folly he could despise. In the new theatrical day he knows that his art is peddled, and, in the knowledge that he is treated as a commodity, there is a sense of humiliation that breeds indifference. Some of the acting now visible is, for that reason, about as interesting as the sawing of wood. The minor miseries of the actor's lot are, likewise, to be taken into account. Those were always numerous; they were always impediments to good acting, and they continue to be so; nor does the public make any allowance for them. The boast of the contemporary manager is the opulent total of his receipts. His favorite announcement declares that 'money talks.' So it does; but generally it talks of avarice, sometimes of rapacious tyranny, nearly always of parsimony. Much money is expended on the front of the house and on productions of plays, but very little is spent for the comfort of the actor or in order to provide for him the facilities that would save his strength, simplify his labors, and greatly expedite him in the accomplishment of his professional effects. There is scarcely a theatre in the United States that contains a sufficient number of dressing rooms to accommodate a reasonably numerous theatrical company. Each performer should have a separate dressing room: that is a matter of imperative necessity as well as of decency; yet, in many of the theatres, two, three or four persons, usually nervous and sometimes unfriendly to one another, must occupy one small room, and in that room must prepare themselves for a per-

formance—under circumstances that make the essential composure impossible. . . .

"Acting is an art, not a business. That is the crux of the present condition of the American theatre. For the tradesmen who now practically control it (allowance being duly and gratefully made for an occasional exception) success is determined and measured, solely and exclusively, by the standard of the box office; in a word, by money. Those persons do not and cannot understand that any human being, unless bereft of his senses, would even dream of sacrificing the possibility of financial profit for the sake of sustaining and promoting one of the fine arts. They do not even comprehend the fact that, under judicious management, financial profit, sufficient to satisfy reasonable expectation and moderate desire, is entirely compatible with an artistic administration of the theatre, such as would insure the one desirable result—good plays, well acted.

"In the history of the English stage there is, of course, a record of hardship and loss; but there is also a record of prosperity and gain. Garrick and Kemble made fortunes in England; Booth and Jefferson made fortunes in America; and all of them practically respected their profession, and did nothing base. The same line of conduct is practicable now, and there is no reason to doubt that it would, in time, meet with recognition and recompense—for human nature remains unchanged, and the appeal to its finer sense cannot ever be made entirely in vain.

"Such a line of conduct, however, is not to be expected in a



Marceau

WALKER WHITESIDES

Who will star this season in a piece called "The Magic Melody"

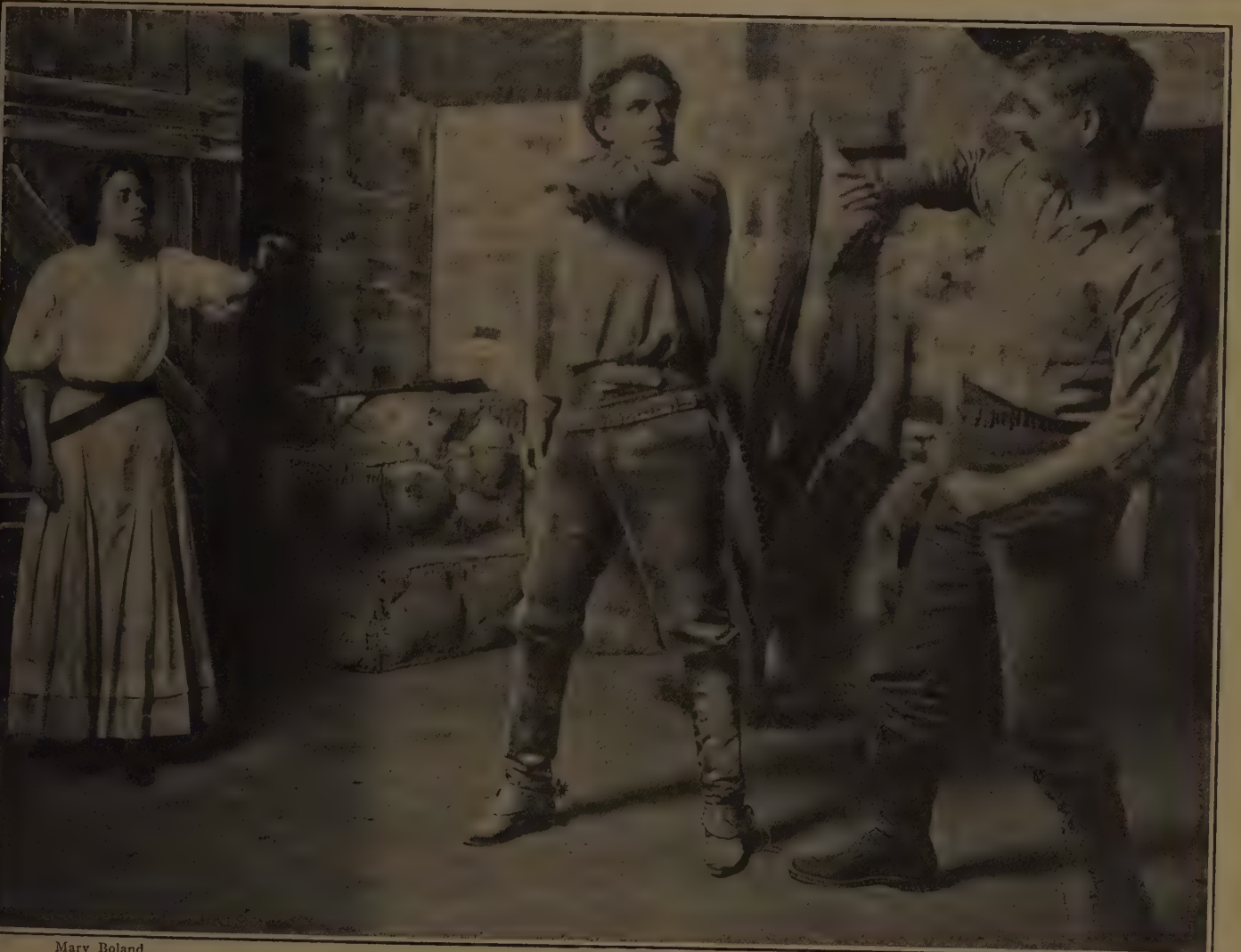
Scenes in Augustus Thomas' Drama "The Ranger"



Hall

ACT I. CAPTAIN ESMOND CHECKS THE RIOTERS

THEATRE



Mary Boland

Dustin Farnum

Charles Lane

ACT II. CAPTAIN ESMOND CONFRONTS MR. HARRINGTON WHO HAS ACCUSED HIM OF MURDER

mercenary period. The stage has 'fallen on evil days.' The pendulum may swing forward again, by and by, and the tide may rise again, but no indications are now visible that a change for the better is near at hand. Every denotement, on the contrary, is indicative of the decline of romance and the growth of vulgarity and greed. Combinations have been made to control all the theatres of the country according to the policy of the close corporation. The number of regular theatres will be reduced. The number of music halls, under the name of vaudeville, will be augmented—and the music hall is the deadly foe of the theatre.

"The race of trained, accomplished, competent actors, rapidly dwindling, will soon have passed away, and no new actors of equal qualification are rising to fill the void. E. S. Willard, John Hare, Edward Terry, Ellen Terry, Helena Modjeska, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Fiske, and a few others, survivors of a better time, may, perhaps, for a little while keep alive the memory of the finer traditions of acting; but it will be only for a little while. The stage, already 'orientalized,' will, more and more, be devoted to ornate spectacle, 'crank' experiment, and all forms of fad and folly that the ingenuity of the 'amusement' monger can invent.

"Such are the conditions that environ the American actor. To say this is to incur the obloquy of being 'a back number,' 'a reactionary' and 'a worshiper of the past.' So be it. Yet it happens that the writer of these words has, for half a



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ADELINE BOURNE

English actress who will be seen in support of Olga Nethersole this season. Miss Bourne is already well known to American theatregoers by her excellent performance of the bloodthirsty nurse, Patateeta, in Mr. Forbes Robertson's production last season of "Caesar and Cleopatra."

century, advocated every movement tending to advance the welfare of the stage and, as far as possible, the recognition of every actor who has shown a spark of genius or an impulse of noble design.

"There are actors now—few in number, but fine in talent—for example, Julia Marlowe, Viola Allen, Robert Mantell, E. H. Sothorn, N. C. Goodwin and Otis Skinner—whom it is a delight to honor, and who have no reason to complain of lack of appreciation: actors by whom, if their powers could only be practically and successfully combined, the vocation of acting and the administration of the theatre might be rescued from the rapacious hands of trade; but, for the present, and until the public mind is chastened and purified by calamity and suffering, as inevitably it will be, they are powerless to accomplish any reform."

The foregoing is a severe arraignment. The indictment is presented by one whose opinion is entitled to respect, a man who has devoted his entire life to the best interests of our stage. We have to-day handsomer theatres, more elaborate scenery, but our drama has made no progress in art. Art for art's sake is absent. The box office rules supreme. The only incentive held out to the ambitious young player is that of pecuniary profit. No thoughtful observer of stage conditions to-day can say that Mr. Winter has drawn the picture in too somber colors.

X. X.



Hall

Julia Sanderson Geo. Gregory Huntley Wright Bessie DeVoi Donald Hall Flossie Hope Eugene O'Rourke
SCENE IN ACT I OF "THE DAIRYMAIDS," ENGLISH MUSICAL COMEDY, AT THE CRITERION THEATRE



THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF PAUL HERVIEU

A Morning Call on Paul Hervieu

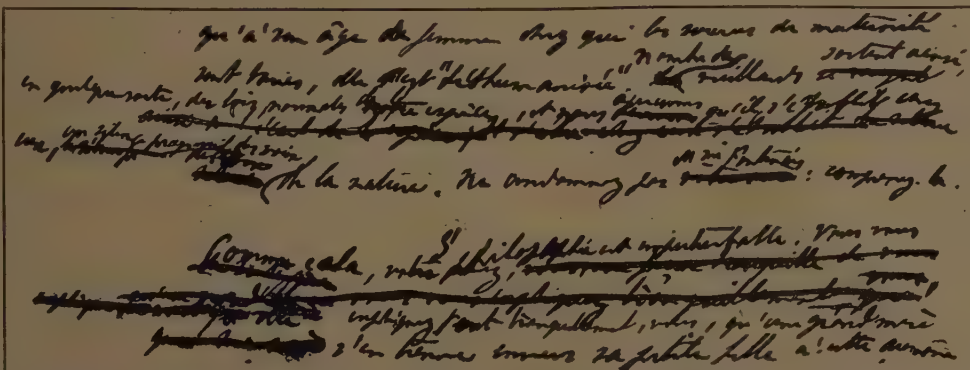
PAUL HERVIEU is known to Americans as the author of "Le Dédale," a remarkably successful drama at the Théâtre Français and presented in translation as "The Labyrinth" in this country. This season Miss Olga Nethersole will make Americans better acquainted with one of the leading dramatic authors of France by producing "Le Réveil" under the title of "The Awakening." Despite the vogue of these later dramas, however, Parisians like to refer to Hervieu as the man who wrote "La Course du Flambeau," considered by many competent critics to be one of the best plays written by a Frenchman in the past decade. Others still prefer to think of Paul Hervieu, the novelist.

They prefer his books to his dramas. They regret that he became fascinated by the limelight and believe that when he launched his craft into the new channel, Francemay have gained another playwright, but lost an inter-

esting story-writer. Such novels as "l'Armature" are scarce.

Hervieu's work is as delicate as a finely cut cameo, and it stands out as boldly under the closest scrutiny. When the present writer called upon the author at his Paris residence in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, he found that the man had been correctly imaged in his writings. He is extremely sensitive, nervous and fragile. He speaks softly. Elegance surrounds him on every hand. He protests that he is simple in his tastes, but that must mean that what he possesses is placed about him for his own luxurious enjoyment. Ostentation and show are vulgarities in which he has no interest. He is the arbiter elegantiarum of French letters.

As one might expect, however, the writer was found in his library, which is hung with soft-tinted brocades and tapestries. He was seated before a magnificently carved rosewood desk on which inanuscripts, letters and books were



Fragment of the manuscript of Paul Hervieu's play "La Course du Flambeau." The French text is as follows: "qu'a son âge de femme chez qui les sources de maternité sont taries, elle est 'déshumanisée'. Chez les vieillards, il s'établit, en quelque sorte, un silence progressif des lois de la nature. . . Ne condamnez pas Mme Fontenais: comprenez-la. SABINE. Comme cela, votre philosophie est imperturbable! Vous vous expliquez tout tranquillement, vous, qu'une grand-mère s'en tienne envers sa petite-fille à cette aumône. . ."

piled in exact precision. Papers were weighted with antique statuettes, knives from the Sahara, and Oriental idols. He was writing a letter upon small sheets of paper, the size of an ordinary commercial envelope. The characters that flowed from his pen were almost microscopic. An elderly servant announced me and retired. The author arose in greeting, so calm and uneffusive—so contrary to the popular notion of the French temperament—that I was shocked into the thought that it was almost a profanity to speak aloud.

The author's library is on the fourth floor, commanding a view of the distant Bois and St. Cloud. It is above the clatter of the pavement upon which the society of the earth shows its fine raiment. A soft odor of honeysuckles and other flowering shrubs was blown through the open window. Huge bookcases, later to be opened and their treasures exposed, were banked against all sides of the room. An alcohol flame fluttered on a tabouret, with inviting cigarettes close at hand. It was calm, serene, almost awe-inspiring. The feelings aroused by the surroundings were similar to those when one enters some chapel where the holy flames are burning on the altar and the odor of incense floats on the air.

This, then, is the workshop in which Paul Hervieu writes his dramas. It is here that he delicately traces the outlines of souls and gains for himself the title of "emancipator of womanhood" and "successor to Alexandre Dumas, fils." A play or a novel a year is his usual output. The actual writing usually consumes less than six weeks, for he has his matter well in mind before he puts a pen to paper. But after the first draft, he spends months in polishing and correcting the work that a lesser artist would send forth as a finished product. No click of the typewriter for him. His voluminous correspondence bears the same refinement and taste that mark the other details of his life. Even his manuscripts go to the theatre traced in microscopic characters on stiff white paper.

Hervieu loves much and is much beloved. My interview with him consisted chiefly in hearing his eulogy of brother authors. There was Maeterlinck, who lives almost a neighbor. I mentioned that erratic volume of verse known as "Serres Chaudes," with which Max Nordau has played such critical havoc. "But

Maurice." He turned its pages almost reverently. "Beautiful thoughts are in here," he said. "Ah, Maurice is a genius!"

I spoke of Rostand. On a nearby shelf were *de luxe* copies of all of Rostand's dramas and poems. Prized chiefly in this exhibit was a bound manuscript. When Rostand was admitted to the French Academy, Hervieu stood as his sponsor. After delivering his address, the author of "Cyano de Bergerac" turned to a desk, dedicated the pages to "My dearest Paul," and presented them to his "artistic godfather."

But these were merely examples of his golden treasury. I had but to name the favorites of American readers and he produced the volumes, and in addition thereto many rare gems that have not widely circulated beyond the inner circle of Paris which not only aspires toward the pinnacle of artistic beauty, but inspires its members to wonderful achievement and cares not for what takes place in the great outside world.

Hervieu is enthusiastic over the American audience and the verdict of the American press. He receives all the cuttings from newspapers that criticize his work, and in conjunction with the letters from his American correspondents, he is making a careful study of the American temperament. He frankly admitted that he wanted to please the American theatregoer. He wants to interest him and to establish a close relationship.

To that end he is diligently studying English, a task to which few of the literary men of France care to assign themselves. When possible, he prefers to speak English to those who know it well, although to do so he is obliged to make frequent reference to a pocket dictionary, which unfortunately does not supply

'Monna Vanna' is sublime," he replied, evading my inquiry. "You must see Maurice; he is a genius, a wonderful man." Without hesitation he drew from the desk a small calling card and wrote upon it a "letter" of commendation and introduction to the author of "Life of the Bee." It seemed to me that Hervieu must assume that all who receive his correspondence have powerful magnifying lenses at hand.

Walking to a bookcase he quickly laid his hands on a brilliantly illuminated volume *de luxe*. A glance proved it to be "Serres Chaudes." It was autographed to "My dear Paul from your ever devoted



Photo Misses Selby

BERNICE GOLDEN HENDERSON

Who will appear in support of Guy Standing in the dramatization of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel "The Right of Way"

Scenes in "The Lady from Lane's" at the Lyric



Hall Polly Stanley Georgie Snyder Mary Harris Dorothy Watson Mabel Shepherd Beula Montrose Anna Hall
A GROUP OF SHOW GIRLS



Arthur Gilbert (Percy Bronson) and the children. Owing to objections raised by the Gerry Society, these children were not in the cast of the piece during the first two weeks of the run, but permission was granted for them to appear after September 1

idioms and which causes the academician to make fearful blunders—fearful when one considers the delicacy and beauty of his French diction, and when it is recalled that such a vulgar thing as slang never passed his lips until he began to delve into the language of Shakespeare.

There is a striking paradox in Hervieu's nature. Everything is miniature about him, everything chiseled with cameo-like preciseness, except his passion for sport and recreation. He permits himself but a few weeks apart from his books each year;

but when he goes, he goes for big things—elephants. Elephant-hunting in Africa is his prime favorite among the pleasures of earth. I say elephant-hunting advisedly instead of elephant-shooting, as I saw no trophies of his prowess and made no inquiries as to his annual "bag." But elephants would be out of place, either mounted or dismembered, in that workshop, where a dragonfly wing would seem likelier as the result of his romp in the wild.

ARCHIE BELL.



Bangs

Trixie Friganza

Hall

Lulu Glaser

Otto Sarony Co.

Marie Doro

Burr McIntosh

Hattie Williams

Marceau

Irene Bentley

FIVE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESSES WHO HAVE RISEN TO STARDOM FROM THE RANKS OF THE CHORUS

The Chorus—Its Bright and Its Hopeless Side



LADDER to success? Sometimes. It all depends on the girl. The average theatregoer has an idea that the chorus girls of the usual comic opera company are much the same all the way through, cut out, as it were, on the same pattern, yet they are as different, one from the other—well, as the leading ladies.

There are various types and styles of chorus girl, each with her own particular characteristics. We are all familiar with the bold style of girl, the girl who winks at some particular male friend in the audience, or, no admirer being present, flirts with nobody in particular, but everybody in general, the eyes, however, always seeking one direction—for the admirer or the one she thinks ought to be there, and whom she will make the public think is there. She will pull her dress back as tight as possible so as to show the shape of the limbs supposedly concealed underneath the very flimsy material which constitutes her costume, give it an occasional hitch upwards to display her ankle, or silk-tighted limb, and try with unwavering zeal to show what she considers her good points, and she succeeds admirably. Everybody in the audience knows her length and breadth of beam, just how she is cut "fore and aft," as old Captain Cuttle in "Dombey & Son" would say when describing the shapeliness of females; and she will use her automatic smile with persistent repetition. This style of chorus girl is, fortunately for the stage, vastly in the minority, but she makes up in conspicuousness what she lacks in numbers.

Her cheeks are always painted the deepest, her eyelashes blackened the blackest, and her hair yellowed the yellowest. Her gowns are usually flamboyant, and her hosiery likewise. She thinks it an indication of female independence to smoke cigarettes and acts accordingly. She lurches her shoulders and hips to the sides, she takes long strides when walking, draws her lips downward and looks cornerwise, in an effort to look

"tough," in which effort she succeeds beautifully, for no one, not even one afflicted with myopia, could possibly think her other than what she is, and what she is trying to show that she is, and what less effort on her part would have impressed just as emphatically. Does she ever rise and make a star? Never, not even by accident, much less the general order of things. What becomes of her? Well, she usually goes from the chorus ranks, and down, "down the shadowy lane she goes," and wherever it ends is her usual earthly finale.

Then there is the chorus girl who is a stick, who goes through her part some way or other, without animation, either good or bad; who puts on her grease paints too thick because she thinks it adds to her attractions, and who sees in the dim vista of the future some male admirer endowed with a plentiful supply of cash who will marry her and make life easy, give her plenty of good clothes, a full pocketbook, and various other nice things of this world in ample abundance. It does not occur to her that a man of ordinary intelligence, with money and the position it usually buys, would look elsewhere for a life partner. She could not exert her mind to the various possibilities with which the future might confront her, besides it is so easy to think pleasant thoughts, and picture scenes in which she can be the leading lady in social life, even if she cannot be on the stage.

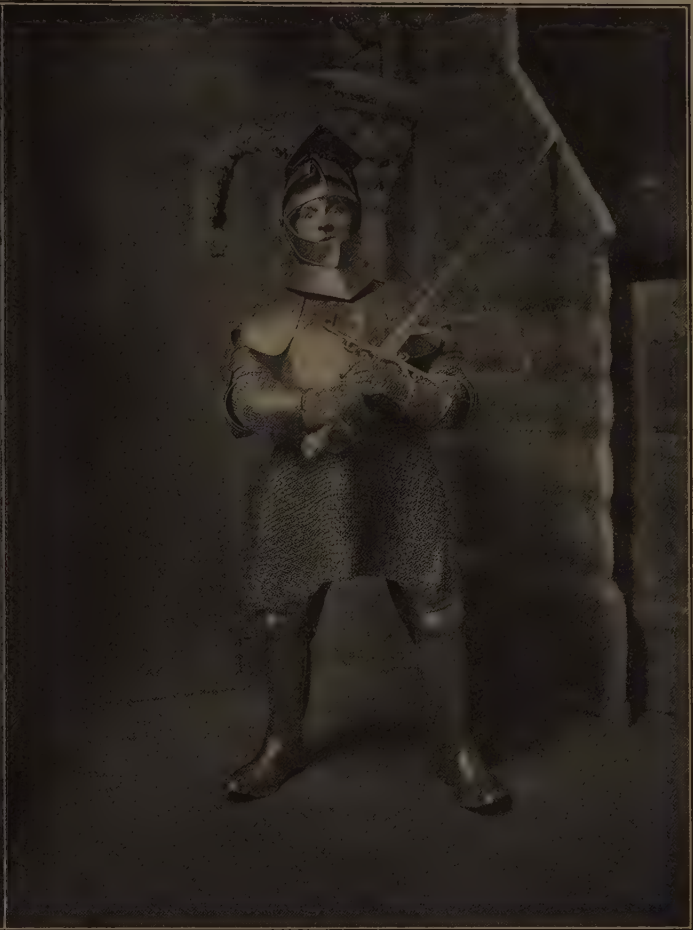
What becomes of her? Various things. Sometimes she follows where the tough type leads, again she marries some one with no more ambition or perseverance than herself, so she drifts back again as a "supe," or a chorus girl to whom the word "girl" is a misnomer, for the crow's feet are plentiful about her eyes, and her neck is scrawny and her teeth are false, but her limbs are still good, and with chorus girls the limbs are the long suit, even the voice being a secondary consideration.

But, occasionally, her dream comes true; some man with plenty of money marries her, and they splurge and cut a dash, and the sequel—well, you can read it almost any day in the papers.

Francis Wilson in "When Knights Were Bold" at the Garrick Theatre



Pauline Frederick Francis Wilson
ACT I. SIR GUY SCOFFS AT THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY



Francis Wilson
ACT II. SIR GUY IN THE ARMOR OF HIS DOUGHTY ANCESTOR



Pauline Frederick Francis Wilson Campbell Gollan
LADY ROWENA URGES SIR GUY ON TO MORTAL COMBAT WITH SIR BRIAN



Bangs, N. Y.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MARY MANNERING

Then there are the girls whose hearts are heavy if their feet are light; who work, oh, so hard, and who are handicapped with a mother, or even a child to support; they struggle on, doing double duty, working night and day, long hours and short pay; many heartaches and many setbacks, many temptations and many triumphs over them.

What becomes of them? God knows! They do not tell their troubles—only to their few sympathetic friends; sometimes they fail on the stage and seek other employment, and sometimes they half succeed, and stay there. But whatever becomes of them I am sure if one could look into their hearts we would all wish them success.

Then there are the chorus girls who are "stage struck," who are determined to succeed at any hazard; who perhaps for years had looked forward to a stage career; who had in fancy stood before the footlights and heard the house resound with applause—all for them! Who had in their imagination read their daily triumphs in the newspapers, and the last echoes of the voices of the theatregoers in praise of them. In these daydreams of success they had not figured on going in the chorus, they would scorn anything so low; each had thought any manager, on beholding her and hearing her voice, would immediately recognize

her vocal power and budding genius; but the cold-hearted, calculating manager had viewed them with the same unmoved visage that he viewed all chorus girls—one of the many—and the aspiring candidate to operatic honors who had taken vocal lessons, and whose friends had been lavish in praise, found that instead of condescending to take a small part to begin with, she was in the position of begging the manager ever so hard "to just give her a trial in the chorus." Nothing now is too small. She would even take a part to dust the furniture and retire without singing a note, with nothing but a short inane soliloquy. She would even come in and bow and say: "My lord the carriage awaits."

If she could just get her foot on that lower rung of the ladder she would be thankful; and she gets it there. But the very enterprising, ambitious young person is determined not to hold that foot very long on that particular rung. She tries her level best to please the manager and the audience. She is conscientious in her work and her daydreams of ultimate success do not crowd out the harsh truth that success means hard work, perseverance, patience and even accident. She determines the first three are hers; the last she will hope for, and oftener than not that comes.

She learns the popular soubrette's parts; she sees places where she thinks she could improve upon the "business." She practices before the glass, memorizes every part, and though she may like the soubrette, and really not wish her any ill luck, still she cannot chase the visions from her mind of the night the soubrette cannot play her part, and the anxious manager asks her if she thinks she dare attempt it, she must in fact. The time comes; she gladly acquiesces with fast-beating heart, with nervous tension high; a voice that at first falters and lips that will quiver a little, in spite of her efforts to control them. She tries! "Veni, vidi, vici!"

The audience applauds. It is with her. Her voice comes strong and firm, sustained by sympathy. Not a quiver is in the lips; the eyes flash fire, the nerves tingle with delight, the body is supple with animation and happiness. She lives the part, every iota of it. The curtain goes down; the wild applause of the audience is sweeter music to her ears than the harmonies in her part of the opera which she has sung. She goes out before the curtain, again and again. She bows and smiles, and her heart beats tumultuously. It is the happiest moment in her life! She never forgets it; not even afterwards when the theatre is packed to see her, the star, of her own comic opera company. Her later triumphs cannot give the joy of that night when, with a single leap, she jumped from the bottom to the middle rung of the ladder; when her ability was acknowledged; when from an obscure chrysalis of a chorus girl she emerged into a beautiful butterfly soubrette; when the manager almost clasped her in his arms, in his eagerness to congratulate, and delight at her success; and the other chorus girls stood still and looked upon her each characteristically—the bold type with envy; the little heavy-hearted girl with approval and a faint desire to follow in her wake; the "stick" with wonder and silly curiosity; and the type like herself, with a firm determination to do likewise when her time should come.

ELLA COSTILLO BENNETT.

An actress who comes out in a leading part, unless it is at short notice on some sudden emergency, has no right to ask for indulgence. She must be greatly excellent in order to succeed to any purpose; and if she is not it will be better for her to fail at once. An aspirant after the highest style of art has no right to ask pardon, because she ought not to essay it without more consciousness of a capacity which leaves forgiveness far from its calculations.—*Nachrichten*.



Photos Otto Sarony Co.

THREE NEW PORTRAITS OF ALEX CARR

This clever young actor, about whose imitations of David Warfield all New York was talking last season, is starring this year with Jefferson de Angelis and Blanche Ring

Alex Carr Tells How He Imitates Warfield

(CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 57)

WHEN I am getting up in an impersonation I study the actor, not the actor's work. I want to know the man—not the picture he draws. Let me know the original, and I will know what kind of a picture he will make."

Alex Carr, who a year ago was a clever young burlesquer, doomed in his own and the opinion of others, gipsy-like, to a career of the road and who to-day is a metropolitan star, sat in the property room of the Casino with front-flattened Panama hat pushed off his forehead, at such times as he forgot to remove it. He is a muscular, broad-shouldered young fellow of twenty-nine. His broad face is boyishly smooth. His crisp brown hair curls in close-cropped ringlets about a manifestly bald spot at the back and an aggressively full, broad brow in front. He wore a loose-fitting suit of well-pressed blue serge, and a flowing dark-blue tie of precisely the same shade. He has the habit of tilting far back in his chair when he talks.

He looks at his interlocutor straightly, with never a blink or shift of eye. He speaks somewhat explosively, unleashing all of his tremendous, youthful earnestness in his utterances. One notes the powerful nose formed for cleaving its way through difficulties, the strong abutting jaw, and accepts the physiological assurance that Alex Carr is of those who will "get on."

"What do you first notice about the man whom you intend to imitate?"

"First and last and always the temperament of the man. His

makeup does not matter much. That is comparatively easy. The immediate and ultimate and essential thing is to know the temperament of your man. One doesn't go about studying that temperament in a scientific or systematic way. One feels it or does not. In the production at the Circle last season, 'Wine, Woman and Song,' there was a little girl who was billed to impersonate Maude Adams. When she came upon the stage she looked exactly like Miss Adams. So far as looks go she might have been her twin sister, but the moment she opened her mouth the illusion was gone. She had made up perfectly, but she hadn't studied Miss Adams. She didn't know her temperament. To impersonate any one you must make yourself feel as that person feels, and you cannot feel as he feels without knowing his temperament."

"What did you first feel about David Warfield's temperament?"

"His simplicity and sensitiveness."

"And what physical characteristics did you notice?"

"I observed his greatest trick. That is a trembling of his lower lip. He has an exceedingly expressive lower lip and he has perfect mastery of it. The instant that lower lip began its pathetic wobble the audience began to cry. That followed inevitably as effect always follows cause."

"Another characteristic trick was the way he drew his breath through his nose when he was moved to cry, but was trying to hold back his tears. That was splendidly done. Moreover, it was



White

ELLA SNYDER

Recently seen as Fifi in "Fascinating Flora" at the Casino

absolutely natural. It was what every one else would do who was trying to keep back his tears.

"I next studied his way of getting fine natural effects with his eyes. He has fine, expressive eyes, and he plays all sorts of dramatic tricks with them. His eyes are unusually bright. At first it seemed to me that there was a different light in them when he expressed humor and when he denoted pathos. But I found that it was the same degree and kind of light exactly, but that he secured his effect of pathos by a direct gaze, holding that light steadily, converging it all upon one spot, directly in front of him. The light of humor was the same, but the humorous effect he secured as he did when he played the Jew in 'The Auctioneer,' by a sidelong glance, side shafts, as it were, of the light.

"Mr. Warfield is a wonderful student of detail. Did you notice how he always stands?"

The back tilted chair came down upon its forelegs with a thud, and Alex Carr sprang to his feet. He stood with most of his weight upon his tan shod left foot. The right foot was bal-

anced upon the edge of the sole. The sole was turned, a broad side toward the right. Standing thus balanced upon his left foot with the right curiously turned outward, he smiled.

"The sort of musician Herr von Barwig was always stands that way. He had been an orchestra leader. All band leaders stand this way."

"You are observant."

"I see everything. Warfield's habitual posture was a most expressive one. You remember that little, hopeless stoop of his. There was heartbreak in every line of it. I copied that not by studying the angle of the stoop before a mirror, but by feeling as Warfield felt when he stooped. I tell you, acting is not objective. It isn't nine-tenths a matter of muscle, as one of your Broadway stars declared. It is almost wholly subjective. Feel sad and you will look sad. Feel large and——"

"Then if you wish to be tall upon the stage feel tall?"

It was what Mme. Nazimova had said of her marvelously elastic muscles; what Edmund Breese had declared of his power to increase his height by an apparent eight or ten inches. This man from a ruder school than they repeated their formula, repeated it with the enthusiasm of a discoverer.

"You must get into the mood of tallness. And to do that you must give yourself time and the right conditions for getting into that mood. When I was impersonating David Warfield in 'The Music Master,' and was standing in the wings waiting to go on, it was understood that no one could come near me. A man should be alone in his dressing room for at least ten minutes before he goes on the stage."

"Then you would not give interviews between acts?"

"I shouldn't want to. The men and women who give them are not conscientious. A player should have time and quiet to get himself into the mood of the part. Preparation to go on is a kind of self-hypnosis. He requires a little time to induce the hypnotic state."

It was patent to one semi-blind that David Warfield is Alex Carr's chief enthusiasm. Habitually he is an exceedingly earnest young man, but his features relaxed in a boyish smile when he spoke of the eminent actor, his imitations of whom had opened the gate upon his own path of prosperity.

"He is the greatest actor of them all. He does the things I would like to do, is the kind of actor I want to become." The gray eyes that had the gleam of metal in them before took on the softness of daydreams. "I like his naturalness. He does what a man would do in his own home, does it in just that way. That is what I like. That is naturalism. It is life. Of course," there was stifled an infant sigh, smothered at its birth, "that was Warfield plus Belasco. Mr. Belasco is a genius and a student of life. He soft pedals everything, for he knows that custom puts the soft pedal upon everything. This is the twentieth century. The habit of rant went out with the foolish romantic plays and the silly costume scenes of the eighteenth."

Back he went to his first proposition that to imitate a man's impersonations the imitator should study the man, not the man's work.

"If, for instance, I should imitate De Wolf Hopper, and I may, I should prefer to study him in his own home. Mr. Hopper is a man of great personality. To know his temperament I ought to see him in his home, in his every-day habits, in the undress, so to speak, of his soul. If I know the man, as I said, I will know what kind of a picture he will draw.

"In the new piece in which I am to appear with Mr. De Angelis and Miss Ring I am to give a burlesque of Abeles in 'Brewster's Millions.' I have never seen the play, but I shall burlesque the man who wants to give away a million dollars. I know very little about the idea, but I shall build upon it, of course. No one has ever written any of the essential business of the play for me. I put it in myself. When I went on as the Music Master in 'Wine, Woman and Song,' I had ten lines. You saw the piece. I had built the part from that beginning. In the new piece I am also to give imitations of Willie Collier." Again the

Robert Edeson in His New Play "Classmates"



Frank McIntyre

Robert Edeson

Wallace Eddinger

ACT I. HAZING THE "PLEBES"



Photos White

Flora Juliet Bowley Robert Edeson Wallace Eddinger Maude Granger

ACT I. DUNCAN (MR. EDESON): "YES—I STRUCK HIM!"



Sidney Ainsworth

Robert Edeson

Wallace Eddinger

Frank McIntyre

ACT III. LOST IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE



White, N. Y.

EDWARD MARTINDELL AND THE TOTEM POLES IN "THE ALASKAN" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

Totems are Indian family gods. They consist of images of birds and beasts rudely carved in wood and are symbolic of the different clans. Their introduction on the stage is a distinct novelty

smile of sunshine broke from behind the cloud bank of his seriousness. "There is a wonderful actor. His methods are admirable. I like his neatness of method, his quietness. Candidly, he does a few things I wish he wouldn't. This." The actor placed his finger against his cheek with an odd feminine movement. "But he is a great comedian. It is a liberal education to watch him through a performance."

There was praise, too, for another player; this one was in his own company.

"I am going to sing a couple of songs. One is with Miss Ring. She is an excellent singer."

To a question about his ultimate aim Alex Carr replied with one smiling word, "Success."

"I like money well enough. I care as much as the average man for the good things money can buy, but I don't care too much for them. I never had any desire, for instance, to be a millionaire. But I want to play well the simple, natural, manly rôles I hope some day to have. And that will be success for me. To do that which you like best as well as it is possible for you to do it, is success."

For the first time in the half-hour's chat the earnest young man laughed. "Perhaps the reason I don't want to be a millionaire is because I have known several millionaires. They were not 'good company.' I have never known a man of money who is. It is the man who feels as well as thinks, the man who understands, who is the best companion, the most loyal friend. Say to a man of money, 'Isn't that an exquisite passage in the opera?' or 'Isn't that a wonderful massing of clouds in the West?' and he will reply indifferently, 'Yes. The other day I met a man who had just made a deal——' Say it to an artist of any sort, a

musician, a painter or an actor, and his face will glow with appreciation of the sight and the thought behind the sight."

It was a most heterodox remark that fell upon Lee Shubert's ear when he sent for this young man and broached his plan for starring him.

"But I don't want to be starred, Mr. Shubert."

The manager begged him to repeat the remark. It was the first time he had ever heard it fall from a player's lips. It had the charm of uniqueness.

"At any rate, not alone," persisted the reluctant actor. "Put some other radiant ones in the company."

"But why?" asked the puzzled director of stage destinies.

"Because I want to see whether I can stand out with a few stars about me. Any one can stand out with a chorus flanking him. But let me try my mettle with stars. If I can make myself felt and seen then I shall have some assurance for the future. If I can't you will not be the loser."

The manager looked as through a glass darkly at this rare creature of the boards. He asked for time for reflection. The result is the combination of Jefferson De Angelis, Blanche Ring and Alex Carr.

The new star saw David Warfield but once in "The Music Master," yet so admirable was his reproduction of him that when Mr. Warfield dropped into a theatre in Providence and saw his wonderful presentment of the bent, halting figure, the silvery hair, the sad face with its occasional sly smile, he said: "I feel as though I had been seeing myself in a looking-glass."

It was twenty-nine years ago, at Rumni, in Russia, that this remarkable mime was born of a rabbi father. When the lad was seven years old they removed to Canada and established them-



Sarony
MARY BOLAND
Leading woman with Dustin Farnum in "The Ranger"



Sarony
HUNTLEY WRIGHT
English comedian seen in "The Dairymaids"



Otto Sarony Co.
JULIA SANDERSON
In "The Dairymaids" at the Criterion Theatre

selves in Winnipeg. At twelve years of age there came that sun-
dering of domestic ties called "running away from home." An
alleged artist gave him employment at sweeping the floors and
opening the doors of his studio, repaying him with three dollars a
week. When the employer found the
boy finishing a crayon reproduction
of the office boy's grandmother he
discharged him to remove a danger-
ous competitor from the business.

Trampwise the boy drifted to St.
Paul and persuaded the manager to
permit him to sing a then popular
song, *The Passing Policeman*. For
this he received six dollars a week.
Having improved the song by intro-
ducing some business, he received
eight. For a year he remained at
the music hall in the humble capacity
of a dramatic roustabout. Then his
activity as the hindlegs of an ele-
phant so displeased the less agile
comedian who agitated the forelegs
that the comedian kicked him. That
kick nearly cost the stage Alex Carr.
He foreswore it, albeit sighingly,
forever, and found employment in a
clothing store where he tried hard to
convince himself that his was the
genius of a mercantile career. But
the call of the stage sounded louder
than the clink of the day's receipts.
At the opening of the Nashville Ex-
position Alex Carr was there slaving
as a bondman of the galleys for a

tent manager who employed a barker after the fashion of the
lesser Coney Island resorts. From the tent he graduated to the
cafés of Nashville, dancing, singing, and giving vivid impersona-
tions of local celebrities of the city. This lasted for a year. Then he

went to Louisville where he received
his rude training in burlesque in sim-
ilar resorts. In the wake of the Ex-
position he went to Buffalo where he
was engaged for "The Stroke of
Twelve" in which he played for two
years. The Trocadero in Chicago
engaged him for a line of Jewish
impersonations similar to David
Warfield's in his pre-legitimate ap-
pearances. "Wine, Woman, and
Song," in which David Warfield says
he saw himself "as in a looking-
glass," followed. His success was
immediate. All New York flocked
to see the young actor's remarkable
imitation. Then came the Shuberts
with their offer of stardom.

"Carr," called the master of re-
hearsals from without.

With a swift adieu, an earnest
handclasp, the young man mingled
with the army of players. By reason
of the breadth of his shoulders, the
exceeding seriousness of his face and
the concentration of his gaze, even
in the prose of a morning rehearsal
in mid-August, Alex Carr "stood
out."

ADA PATTERSON.



White
EDGAR SELWYN
Now starring in "Strongheart"



AS PEER GYNT
The last rôle he played



AS BARON CHEVRIL
The part which made him famous



AS BEAU BRUMMEL
His most successful impersonation

Richard Mansfield's True Rank as an Actor

RICHARD MANSFIELD, who died at New London, Conn., on August 30 last, was born in Berlin, in 1854. His mother, Mme. Mansfield-Rudersdorf, was a dramatic soprano of the first rank, his father a violinist in her company. From his birthright the deceased actor inherited his temperament, his artistic gifts, as also most of his eccentricities of character and conduct, for if report says true, Mme. Rudersdorf was a remarkable person from any point of view. Early in his life, his mother settled in Boston, and there the future actor grew to manhood. His earliest intention was to become an artist. His first attempt at earning a living was in the wholesale department of a dry-goods store in Boston. After this experience he drifted to London with the intention of becoming an artist, and there began the real struggle. It began with starving, a good diet for art creation.

Richard Mansfield, whatever place posterity may award him, was certainly the foremost of American actors. His place in the affections of the American people was not won as was that of Forrest, Booth, Jefferson, McCullough, Charlotte Cushman, or Mrs. Gilbert, by the lovable qualities of heart, but by his sheer force of character, art instinct, and intellectual power. The public, perhaps misled by the many stories current of his alleged unamiable qualities, had no affection for the man, yet respected the actor as a leader in his profession.

It is a curious analogy to note the marked resemblance in certain characteristics between Edwin Forrest and Richard Mansfield, and the beginnings of both men; and what is also remarkable,

both men recruited largely their artistic gifts from their Teutonic blood. Forrest's mother was of German descent and Mansfield was German all through. The former, by the force of sheer genius rose from a super in the old Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia to be the greatest acknowledged actor of his day, and Mansfield with a first-class education (Forrest had little or none) triumphed over maternal neglect and the public's indifference to be the leader on the American stage, and after the death of Sir Henry Irving, easily first upon the English-speaking stage.

As with Forrest, Mansfield was cordially disliked by both managers and players. It was more fear of Forrest's rugged, impetuous temper than actual dislike of the man, and all united in acknowledging his greatness as an actor. Mansfield, on the other hand, was damned by almost every actor and actress he had ever had in his company, no doubt often without due reason, for Mr. Mansfield could be the most urbane of mortals if handled with proper tact. Those who had business dealings with Mr. Mansfield declared him to be an "impossible man." He dealt with few dramatists in his time, and when he did it usually ended in a row. Forrest's latter life was embittered by his marital troubles, whereas Mansfield had an ideal home life and was one of the most charming of hosts and entertainers. Off the stage, Mr. Mansfield led the life of a clean-cut, high-toned American gentleman. He made few friends, but they were well chosen and he kept them.

It is difficult with so short a perspective to assign to the deceased his true



Marceau THE LATE RICHARD MANSFIELD



AS DON CARLOS

rank as an actor. "That he was a great actor, ranking with those who have been esteemed truly great is more than doubtful. The adjective "great" is applied so indiscriminately nowadays by the enthusiastic press agent that it has become applicable to any or all forms of stage entertainment, and is used just as liberally for a vaudeville show as for the best work of the world's most famous artists. It would seem that the best place one can logically assign to this dead artist is that he was a clever, versatile, and highly cultivated eccentric comedian, which we sometimes call a character actor. For an analogy one may well compare Mr. Mansfield to Mr. Beerbohm Tree in London, and to the Elder Coquelin in Paris. The latter originated the rôle of Cyrano de Bergerac in France, and Mansfield had that privilege in this country. His performance of the rôle was a triumph for the American actor. It added largely to his fame, and made him a rich man. There was considerable controversy as to which of these two actors had best realized Rostand's famous hero, the verdict generally being that Coquelin's performance had more repose, more action and humor, and Mansfield more virility and sentiment.

What was there in the makeup of Richard Mansfield, the man, that makes us glory of according to him the very highest place as an actor? Mansfield, the man, had an embittered spirit, inherited from a lack of home sympathy as he grew up to manhood. His education, his home training, was all in the direction of an art development. Of motherly sympathy, affection, tenderness, he never knew what they meant. Then when he started out in the world for himself this feeling of bitterness was further engendered by his first taste of the battle of life. Mansfield used to tell the story that when his parents landed at Holland when he was a baby, that they actually forgot to take him ashore,

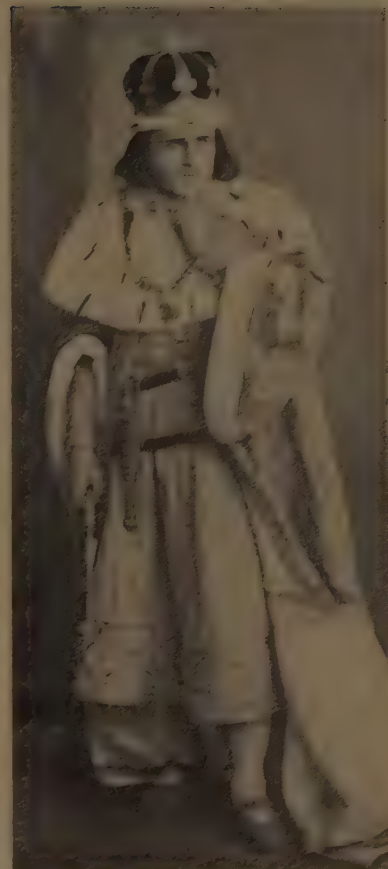
and in fact left him in the drawer of a bureau, and that subsequently he was rescued from the ship and carried ashore by a sailor. Is it any wonder that this man, in his early training, knew little of sweetness, and that his stage work lacked this absolutely essential quality to make it truly great.

Moreover, his Teutonic blood (as is clearly seen by all the work of all the German actors who come to this country) was against real greatness as an actor, but favored versatility and an appreciation of the oddities of human nature with a strong leaning toward the extremes of types, those of sinister import preferred, rather than those expressive of a nobility of spirit. Tommaso Salvini once said to the present writer that while he understood the fierceness and nobleness of Othello, the pathos and grandeur of Lear, the weakness and ambition of Macbeth, he never could mould his spirit to the sweetness that underlies the character of Hamlet. Neither could Mr. Mansfield. And yet, looked at from the point of view or understanding of the average theatregoer, one can readily see why Mr. Mansfield was held to be a great actor. Glance at an apocryphal repertoire for a week:

Monday, "Richard the Third." Tuesday, "Ben Brummel." Wednesday matinee, "Prince Carl." Wednesday, "Soyak." Thursday, "Cyrano de Bergerac." Friday, "Jean the Barabier." Saturday matinee, "Peer Gynt." Sunday, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

and the following week, for a month, he could out of his repertoire meet a different rôle for every performance. Therefore, it is small wonder that to all but the discerning few he will remain for all time to come a great actor. These few know that there did exist the divine effort, but it was not of the highest order.

A glance at some of the parts which the actor essayed during his twenty-five years of stage life before the American public, and those in which he succeeded best, will show clearly in which direction his greatest artistic and



AS RICHARD III



Illustration by Joseph S. Davis

AS SHYLOCK

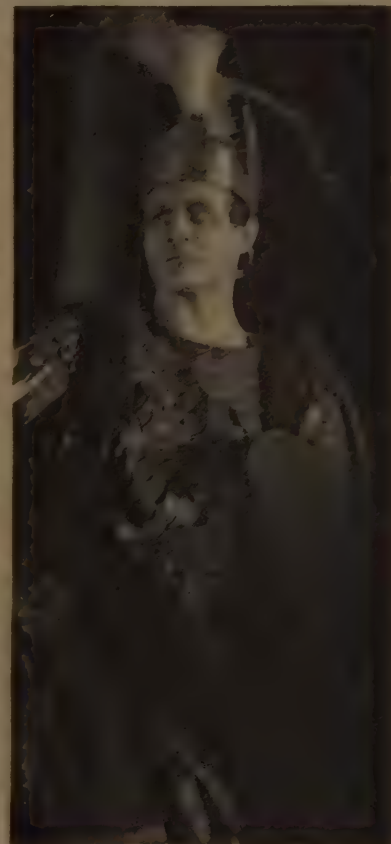


Illustration by Joseph S. Davis

AS SHYLOCK

sympathetic force lay. It is a chronicle of success and failure.

It is an old story how he achieved his first success. James H. Stoddard had refused the part of Baron de Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance" at the old Union Square Theatre because it was unsuited to him, and the unknown young actor, Richard Mansfield, eager to play it, made himself famous in a night.

The first thing an actor must consider for the stage entrance of a character is the "makeup." He studies the portrayal of the character in his closet, but the eye of the auditor is the thing which creates his first impressions. Therefore, "make-up" is of immense importance to carry conviction and convey authority across the footlights. Perhaps every theatregoer is familiar with Mansfield's "makeup" as the Baron de Chevrial. If he had never spoken a word of the text but acted the entire part in pantomime, that "make-up" would have been sufficient to reveal the Baron's lecherous nature and the rotten purposes of his life and career. Upon his first entrance the "makeup" of the Baron de Chevrial told the whole story. Mansfield realized this, and he had his success won right there. The half-palsied hands, the halt in the gait, the cynical humor captured the town and the nation. Never in his entire career did he score a greater success than upon that first night. Mansfield knew that the play was cheap and tawdry, unreal and unsympathetic, but he saw the immense possibilities of the part, and his daring impersonation of it placed him at one bound at the top. He knew, too, that the only compensation in the play was the death of the Baron, and a marvelous death scene it was, defeated and broken. So here was clearly an artistic conception of greater possibilities of what the author intended should only be a minor eccentric part. Many actors, and some good ones, too, have essayed the Baron, but none of them have been able to improve upon Mansfield's creation.

Mansfield had, too, a keen conception of the laws of contrast.



AS CYRANO DE BERGERAC

What he wanted to follow the Baron was a comedy with a serious turn to it, but this he was not able, at the moment, to obtain. After this he went to England again, and made his first appearance in "Richard the Third." Irving took him up and backed the enterprise. It was bad business to attempt to establish a rival, and the result was a dire failure financially, which led for years to the estrangement of the actors. When Mansfield brought his performance of Richard to Wallack's Theatre it played there to meager business, and only really caught the town at the very close of the engagement. This was almost immediately fol-

lowed by his success as Beau Brummel, again a trumpery play, but a fine part and a masterful impersonation, an idealized creation, for the real Brummel was an utter cad and sponge, and it

is not on record that he ever did a magnanimous thing in his life. Richard remained Mr. Mansfield's popular Shakespearian rôle, although it may be held in the future that on its merits his Shylock was his best performance of any of the Bard's works. Mansfield, temperamentally and intellectually, had a keen sympathy with both Richard and Shylock. In the former he was able to let loose his fiery temper, to play the dictator, to give full play to his imperious nature, and by sheer strength of will-power, to sway and bend those about him, and to die fighting, sword in hand. Shylock to Mansfield seemed to be the man tricked, robbed of his due, and bent upon getting it back. Mansfield saw in the oppressed Jew, demanding his pound of flesh, his due, himself, his early struggles, his belief in the injustice of the world. All these seemed to him to center in Shylock, and his performance was that of a man demanding exact justice, and determined, come what may, to get it. It was not necessarily a Jew,

who asked for justice, but all mankind, and it seemed safe to say that had he lived to revive Shylock, he would have won added laurels.

His greatest Shakespearian failure was his Brutus. Just what Mr. Mansfield saw in the part for himself can now never be known, although an anecdote told this writer by the late A. M. Palmer, then his manager, seems to explain the matter. Mansfield appeared at every rehearsal and also at all of the performances carrying a handsome palm leaf over his left arm. Now there is nothing in the text or the legendary business of the part to account for this palm leaf, except the theory put forward by Mr. Palmer that Mansfield, being an Imperialist himself, had taken to the imperial *sui generis*.

"Henry the Fifth," one of Shakespeare's worst acting plays, affords any actor a poor opportunity, and Mansfield was no worse than any of his predecessors in the part. In fact, he redeemed a dull part by his delightful scene with the Princess Katherine, Act V, in which his proposal of marriage as the blunt soldier and not the King—

"Thou wouldst find me such a plain King, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my Crown"—

will be remembered as a ray of light upon an otherwise spiritless performance. And again—

"Do you like me, Kate?"—

will be remembered as a

(Continued on page ix)



MR. MANSFIELD IN HIS STUDY

The Memoirs of Adelaide Ristori

ADELAIDE RISTORI was one of the world's great actresses. A woman of amazing personal power, gifted with extraordinary histrionic genius, she rose steadily, says Mr. G. Mantellini, the English translator of her memoirs, to a position of prominence in Italy and carried the glory of its dramatic art into all the civilized countries. When she died last year the whole world mourned. Emperors, kings, queens, statesmen, literary celebrities sent telegrams or attended the funeral, and the municipal council of Rome decreed that in all the schools the teachers should deliver a lecture in honor of the actress to impress upon the youth of her country her virtues and her talent. When artists like Ristori, Rachel, Talma, and Booth die, their life-work does not perish with them. Their triumphs remain as an inspiration for future generations of players and playgoers. In her memoirs,* just published in America by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., Mme. Ristori tells the story of her brilliant career.

Her father and mother were, she says, modest dramatic artists, and she was an infant hardly three months old when she made her stage debut in a farce as a babe in swaddling clothes. Her second appearance was at the age of three as a child kidnapped by a villain in a melodrama entitled "Bianca e Fernando."

"At the age of four and a half they made me recite in little farces in which they intrusted to me the principal part. Do not accuse me of a lack of modesty if, out of respect for truth, I mention in these memoirs the good profits that the manager realized from my appearance upon the stage. Noticing that I was so much liked by the public, and understanding that I was forming an essential part of our small company, I began to take up the tone and the ruses of an adult. I remember at that time it was customary for the most loquacious and popular actor of the company, during the intermission before the last act of the evening, to come before the footlights and announce to the audience the performance for the following night, mentioning which actor or actress would play the principal part in the production. And, according to the interest which the audience showed for the actor announced, one could hear a murmur of approbation or even applause. The members of the company would remain behind the curtain listening with interest to this manifestation of the audience. Naturally, I also had my ambitious curiosity and, when they announced that the short play that would come at the end of the performance would be assigned "with particular care" to the little Ristori, and the audience broke into applause, all approached me to congratulate me. Then I would move out between the wings, my tiny hands in the pockets of my little apron, nodding my head, shrugging my shoulders, and saying in a vexed tone of voice, 'What a bother to have to recite always—always!' But in my heart I was jubilant."

When fourteen years of age she was entrusted with maid parts and soon afterwards began playing ingenue rôles in the Royal

Theatre at Turin, in the company being such beacon lights of Italian art as Vestri, Marchionni, Romagnoli, Righetti, etc.

"My engagement was to have lasted three years, but after the first year I was promoted to the parts of first lady and in the third year to absolute leading lady. To such unhoped-for and flattering results I was able to attain, by ascending step by step through the encouragement and admonition of my excellent teacher, Madame Carlotta Marchionni, a distinguished actress, and the interest of Gaetano Bazzi, who also had great affection for me. It was really then that my artistic education began. It was then that I acquired the knowledge and the rules which placed me in a position to discern the characteristics of a true artist. I learned to distinguish and to delineate the comic and the dramatic passions. My temperament caused me to incline greatly toward the tender and the gentle. However, in the tragic parts, my vigor increased. I learned to portray transitions for the sake of fusing the different contrasts: a capital but difficult study of detail, tedious at times, but of the greatest importance. The lamentations in a part where two extreme and opposing passions are at play are like those which in painting are called 'chiaroscuro,' a blending of the tones, which thus portrays truth devoid of artifice.

"In order to succeed in this intent, it is necessary to take as model the great culture of art, and also to be gifted with a well-tempered and artistic nature. And these are not to be confined to sterile imitation, but are for the purpose of accumulating the rich material of dramatic erudition, so that one may present oneself

before the audiences as an original and artistic individuality. Some people think that distinction of birth and a perfect education will render them capable of appearing upon the stage with the same facility and nonchalance with which one enters a ballroom, and they are not at all timid about walking upon the boards, presuming that they can do it as well as an actor who has been raised upon them. A great error!

One of the greatest difficulties that they meet is in not knowing how to walk upon a stage, which, owing to the slight inclination in construction, easily causes the feet to totter, particularly if one is a beginner, and especially at the entrances and exits. I myself encountered this difficulty. Though I had dedicated myself to the art from my infancy and had been instructed with the greatest care every day of my life by my grandmother, at the age of fifteen my movements had not yet acquired all the ease and naturalness necessary to make me feel at home upon the stage, and certain sudden turns always frightened me.

"When I began my artistic apprenticeship, the use of diction was given great importance as a means of judging an actor. At that time the audience was critical and severe. In our days, the same audience has become less exacting, less critical, and does not aim to improve the artist by counting his defects. According to my opinion, the old system was best, as it is not in excessive indulgence and solely by considering the good qualities, without correcting the bad ones, that real artists are made. It

is also my conviction that a person who wishes to dedicate himself to the stage should not begin his career with parts of great importance, either comic, dramatic or tragic. The interpretation becomes too difficult for a beginner and may harm his future career: first, the discouragement over the difficulties that he meets; secondly, an excessive vanity caused by the appreciation with which the public apparently honors him. Both these sentiments will lead the actor, in a short time, to neglect his study. On the other hand, by taking several parts, he becomes familiar with the



Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

ADELAIDE RISTORI AS MARIE STUART

*"Memoirs and Artistic Studies of Adelaide Ristori, rendered into English by G. Mantellini." Illustrated from photographs and engravings. 253 pages. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

means of rendering his part natural, thus convincing himself that by representing correctly characters of little importance, he will be given more important ones later on. Thus it will come about that his study will be more careful."

By the year 1840, Ristori's reputation as leading lady was established and her passion for the stage amounted to an obsession.

"I had reached the desired goal, not without having struggled against the greatest obstacles. But I was in love with my art, and it was by meeting obstacles that I was gaining new strength. Fatigue never discouraged me. So great was my passion for the stage that when my manager granted me an evening's rest for the sake of saving my strength and also with the cunning object of causing the public to desire my presence the more, I felt like a fish out of water. I did my best to take advantage of that free evening by employing it in the study of some new and difficult part. I applied myself to it passionately, with the greatest possible enthusiasm; but when the hour of the performance struck, a sort of restlessness would take hold of me which I wasn't able to quiet. I seemed to hear the first notes of the orchestra, the impatient murmur of the audience and the exhilarating uproar of the applause. Then I would walk up and down the room with long strides, endeavoring to distract my mind, and repeating from memory some lines which I had studied—but in vain! Irritated by not succeeding in accomplishing anything, I would suddenly enter my mother's room, exclaiming, 'Shall we go to the theatre to spend an hour?' 'Let us go,' she would answer, 'if you cannot keep away from it!' Quickly we would don our wraps and hats, and be off. Having reached the theatre I was often overcome by my gay humor, and would think of all sorts of pranks to play upon my fellow actors. . . . However, my mood was not always gay. Often I was downcast by inexplicable sadness which, lying like a piece of lead upon my heart, filled my mind with sad thoughts. I think that this strange uneasiness of temperament was to be attributed entirely to the excessive emotions which I experienced when playing certain passionate parts.

"I interpreted so realistically the parts I took that even my health became affected. One evening when I was playing 'Adrienne Lecouvreur,' the tension of nerves and mind during that last act of delirious passion was so great that when the curtain dropped at the end of the drama, I was assailed by a sort of nervous attack, and experienced in my brain a drowsiness, so that I lost consciousness for a period of fifty minutes. When I was under the influence of similar emotions, a sense of melancholia would take hold of me. Then I would love a walk to the cemetery. I would remain a long time within that peaceful enclosure, stopping from time to time to read the inscriptions over the various tombs, and I was moved to pity, even to tears, if I came upon the tomb of a young girl taken in the bloom of life from desolate parents, an adoring husband, or from her children, and I would return home with my spirit extremely grieved. Often as soon as I had arrived in a new town and visited the picture and sculpture galleries, I contrived to obtain permission to visit the insane asylum. When it was not the cemetery, it was there that the impulse of the moment would carry me. Demented young girls were those who attracted my sympathy, and their sad, tranquil forms of insanity permitted me to enter their cells, and I would entertain myself with them; and they had a special love for me, making me the confidante of their sacred griefs. Often I heard the same old story—Treachery! Abandonment! With the passing of years, I succeeded in outgrowing such eccentricities. By mastering my nerves, I freed myself from those romantic ideas and nothing could distract me from my studies."

It is interesting to know Ristori's opinion of the other famous actresses of her time. Here is her estimate of Rachel:

"As soon as Rachel made her appearance on the stage, I understood at once the power of her fascination. She looked like a Roman statue! Her majestic carriage, her regal bearing, the folds of her mantle, everything was presented with admirable artistic skill. Perhaps the critics might have taken exception to the stiffness of the folds of her skirt,

which were never disarranged. It is easy for me, a woman, to comprehend the reasons for this. . . . Rachel was very thin and was using every effort to conceal it. But how admirably she did do it! She possessed modulation of voice to a high degree—at times she was fascinating. In the stupendous culminating scene, where we have the imprecation against Rome and the Romans (in 'Les Horaces') she uttered such accents of hatred, of rage, that the whole audience was frightened. I had—without any hesitation—confirmed the verdict passed with all Europe upon the eminent qualities which had gained for Rachel her glorious fame. She not only possessed genius for the stage, power of forceful expression, nobility of features, reality and nobility of pose; she also knew how to enter into the life of the character that she represented, and she held herself in it from the beginning to the end of the play, without neglecting any details, producing majestically all of its great effects, and giving scrupulous attention even to the least noticeable. It is only by attaining such exactitude that one may be proclaimed a great artist.

"I could only feel, hear and see her, and I paid tribute to her with my most frantic applause. How well I appreciated, after that evening, the impartial criticism which declared that there existed between us no points of comparison derogatory to either one. We were following two totally opposite ways; we had two different manners of expression. She could inflame an audience with her outbursts, though academic, so beautiful was her diction, so stately her acting. In the most passionate situations her expressions, her poses, everything was regulated by the

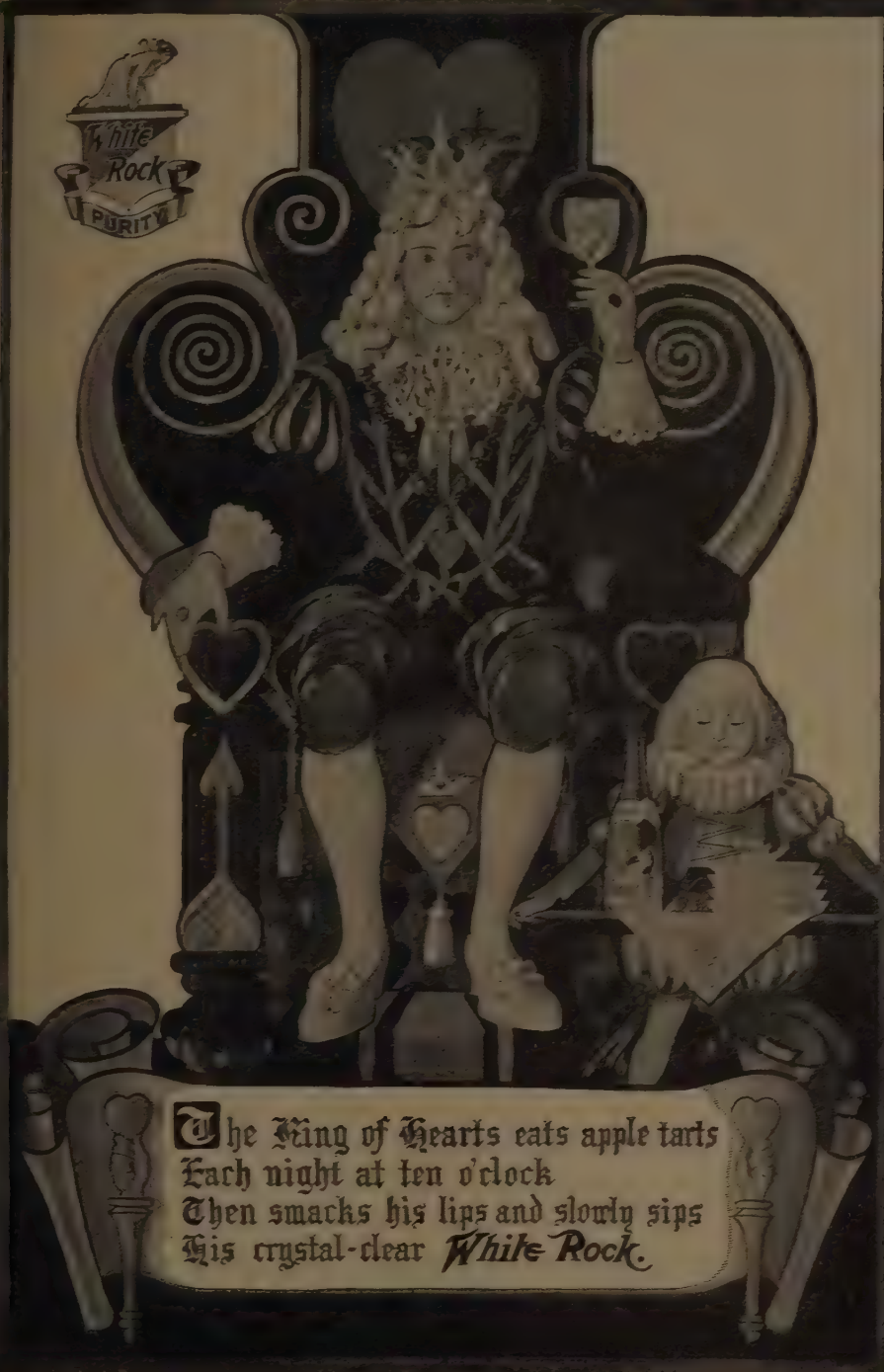
rules of the traditional French school; nevertheless the power of her voice, the fascination of her looks were such that one had to admire and applaud her. We Italians, in playing tragedy, do not admit that, in culminating points of passion, the body should remain in repose; and in fact, when one is struck either with a sudden grief or joy, is it not a natural instinct to carry one's hands to the head? Well, then, in the Italian school, we maintain that one of the principal objects in reciting is to portray life and reality, what nature shows us."

Regarding Bernhardt and Duse she expressed herself as follows in a letter to her friend, L. D. Ventura:

"I have the same opinion that you have on Sarah Bernhardt, but we must agree that she has great talent and great artistic perspicacity. Now she has deteriorated in the exposition of her qualities, but at the climax she has a wonderful supremacy of idea, not to be equaled by anyone. Duse has talent, and is unique after Bernhardt in *fin de siècle* methods. She is more human, however. Her facial mobility and absence of artificiality are gifts, yet art like hers will die. Beware! I am extremely fond of her and know her well, which has not prevented me from telling her what I am telling you. If she is reluctant at being interviewed in America, it is due, in my belief, to the horror she has of misconception, for she cannot speak English at all. Duse is no humbug! . . . She (Duse) is not guiltless of those defects which I have pointed out to her and which, in my opinion, do not give to her the right to celebrity. I do not deny D'Annunzio's talent, but he must stop writing for the theatre. Duse has a great talent, but she is ill, neurotic, like our century. Everything is nerves now."



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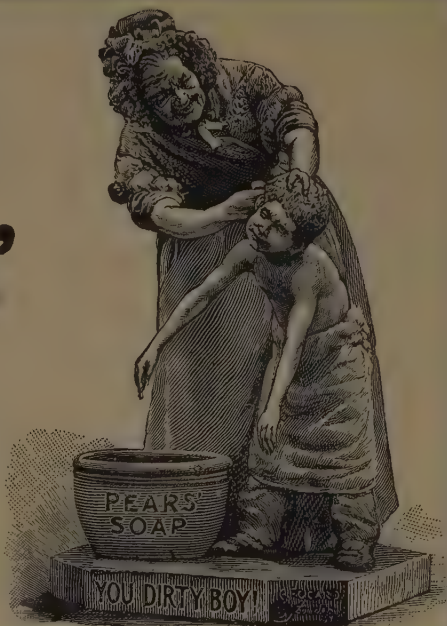


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Stage Anecdotes

Compiled from Various Sources by Will A. Page

Charles Kean said a bad horse was like a poo play; it can't run, and won't draw.

Two theatrical critics were quarreling. "You articles are the laughing-stock of the town," said one. "The time will come when yours will be, returned the other. "When?" asked the first. "When somebody reads them," answered his companion.

An author relating the success of his tragedy to a friend, complained of the injustice of the press in condemning it, "for," said he, "the audience did not hiss it." "No," replied the friend "how could they yawn and hiss together?"

A farce was produced in Bannister's time, under the title of "Fire and Water." "I predict its fate," said he. "What fate?" whispered the anxious author at his side. "What fate!" said Bannister; "why what can fire and water produce but a hiss?"

Mr. Dutton Cook, in his book on acting, tells an amusing story of a Parisian theatregoer who objected to a supper-scene at one of the theatres because through his opera glass he could observe that the labels on the bottles showed the wine to be not of the first quality.

During the last rehearsal of a new piece the manager asked if all the properties were ready. "Everything I have on my list," replied the property-man, with some hesitation, "is ready, but I have just heard Mr. X. ask about the acoustic properties of the house, and I have not yet heard a word about those." "Let them be got at once, and hang the expense," exclaimed the energetic manager.

Sterne, the author of the "Sentimental Journey," who had the credit of treating his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine, sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said he, with amazing assurance, "who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," replied Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

The elder Mathews one day arrived at a forlorn country inn, and, addressing a lugubrious waiter, inquired if he could have a chicken and asparagus. The mysterious serving-man shook his head. "Can I have a duck, then?" "No, sir." "Have you any mutton-chops?" "Not one, sir." "Then, as you have no eatables, bring me something to drink. Have you any spirits?" "Sir," replied the man, with a profound sigh, "we are out of spirits." "Then, in wonder's name, what have you got in the house?" "An execution, sir!"

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"His suggestions were carried out and the delicious beverage fascinated me, so that I hastened to inform my friend who had rejected Postum. She is now using it regularly, after she found that it could be made to taste good.

"I observed, a short time after starting Postum, a decided change in my nervous system. I could sleep soundly, and my brain was more active. My complexion became clear and rosy, whereas, it had been muddy and spotted before; in fact, all of the abnormal symptoms disappeared and I am now feeling perfectly well.

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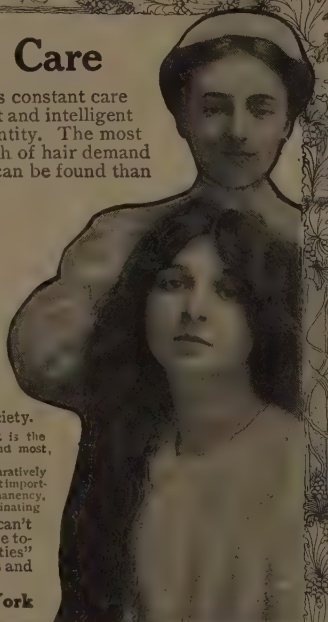
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Mansfield's True Rank as an Actor

(Continued from page 284)

gentful mixture of the artless lover and blunt
 licer, with the king's mace underneath.

In his comedies, Brummel certainly comes first
 the estimation of the public. The part was a
 nation. As elsewhere stated, it had no coun-
 part in the real Brummel. But it satisfied the
 lic's ideal of what Beau Brummel should or
 ight have been, and this is, of course, the
 or's *métier*. Perhaps "Prince Carl" (originally
 nelodrama) came next in public esteem, but
 play was unworthy of the actor's real status
 an artist, although as good an authority as
 late George William Curtis declared it to be
 e perfection of fooling." The best that can
 said for "Prince Carl" is that Mansfield made
 is very own, and it will be a generation before
 other actor can follow him in it, if ever.
 onseur," a play of his own, purported to be a
 ture of his own life, although there is a strong
 picion that a play called "Monsieur Jacques"
 Charles Barnett, London, 1836) inspired "Mon-
 ur," as well as several other more contem-
 poraneous dramas.

A triumph that always appealed to Mansfield
 s that of Arthur Dimmesdale in "The Scarlet
 tter." No one else had ever made the story
 ssible for the stage, and Mansfield, in conse-
 quence, had a special affection for it. "Dr. Jekyll
 d Mr. Hyde" was looked upon by the public as
 nothing wonderful, because they could not dis-
 ver how the actor slipped from one part into
 e other, but there are hundreds of lightning-
 ange artists who could do the trick fully as
 ill, and perhaps better than Mr. Mansfield did.
 his credit be it set down that he detested these
 o parts and never played them except upon
 mpulsion, although his company always de-
 clared that it really was his favorite play because
 had it all to himself.

Mansfield has this to his credit (if this is
 orthy of honor) of having introduced George
 ernard Shaw's plays to the American stage, and
 r pure comedy Mr. Mansfield's Capt. Bluntchli
 "Arms and the Man," seems to this writer,
 have been his truest comedy performance.
 ertainly his delicious appreciation of his own
 wardice could not well be excelled, and "My
 ocolate-Cream Soldier," who had hid himself
 a lady's bedroom, without any more interest
 the fight that was going on outside, was car-
 ed by Mr. Mansfield with the high hand of a
 ally great artist. But the comedy itself missed
 e, at that time. The public was not ready for
 B. S. and it cost Mr. Mansfield money to
 neer for the eccentric and cynical dramatist.

One does not like to speak of a dead actor's
 ilures, but they must be recorded lest we forget
 em. They were in the order of their signifi-
 cance to the drama: Brutus, Ivan, Don
 Carlos, Don Juan, Henry the Fifth, Nero,
 apoleon and Le Misanthrope. Although in
 is his only appearance in a French classic the
 rt of Alceste would seem to have been well
 ted to Mr. Mansfield's gifts, yet the perform-
 ance lacked charm, in fact it was as hard as nails.
 ll actors have their mannerisms, and Mansfield
 id his share. Curiously enough, the son of a
 nger and a vocal teacher, his elocution was badly
 arred by guttural noises and the trick of getting
 s tones into his head in a sing-song fashion. He
 ld himself stiffly and his hands were often
 awkwardly used. His stage was his own. Once
 e asked his leading lady what she thought of
 m in a certain part, after a first performance:

"You primp too much."

"I what?"

"Primp."

"What do you mean by that?"

Then the actress imitated that tripping, mince-
 g gait so well known, and he never forgave her
 e criticism. He also had the trick of staring
 lassily at his audience. He did one very ad-
 mirable thing. He had the good taste never to
 ke a "call" in character.

He was irascibility personified at rehearsals. So
 as Forrest. When an actor did not display as
 uch intelligence as himself, he lost entire con-
 trol of his temper. It is related that at the re-
 hearsals of the "Scarlet Letter" Mr. Mansfield had
 ne difficulty in making Miss Beatrice Cameron,
 en his leading lady, understand certain stage
 ositions, and he (Mansfield) caused the stage
 irector to chalk them on the stage. But Miss
 Cameron, nervous and excited, would get down
 tage below these marks and Mr. Mansfield lost
 is self-control to such an extent that Miss Cam-
 on was unable to continue with the rehearsals,
 o the director discreetly temporarily suspended
 hem and led Miss Cameron to the wings to re-
 over her composure, saying, as he seated her:

"I do not see how you stand him."

The All Important

Purity—there is nothing else half so
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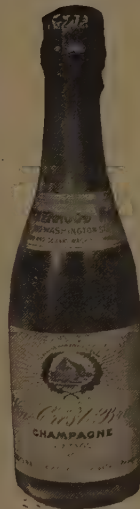
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 beer that was not?

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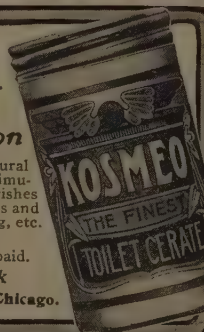
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The next day Miss Cameron and Mr. Mansfield were married! But it proved an absolutely happy and successful union.

When all is said and done, Mr. Mansfield left an indelible mark upon his time. In the face of huge obstacles he accomplished success. He had solved the combination of Art for Art's Sake and Art for the Dollar's Sake, and usually to the advantage of Art. Had he lived he would have unquestionably accomplished more, for he had in mind Macbeth and perhaps Lear and Othello, by which performances the true measure of his greatness as an actor would have been better gauged, for these are great parts. Productions such as "Peer Gynt" may make money, but they do not foster dramatic art.

HENRY P. MAWSON.

How Songs Are Boomed

When it is mentioned that out of every thousand or four hundred songs which are printed and offered to the public probably only half a dozen gain a good measure of popularity, it will be readily understood that fortunes are not made out of song writing and song publishing every day. As a matter of fact, it is one of the most speculative of businesses, and were it not for certain methods adopted by publishers to boom their songs the profits would be infinitesimal.

If a song is to "catch on" it must be boomed, and how this is done, both in this country and in America, was recently explained to the Theatre by Fred Day, head of the American branch of Messrs. Francis, Day & Hunter, the well-known music publishers, and Lester Barrett, manager of the professional department in London.

"English and American methods of popularizing or 'plugging' a song, as our cousins across the herring pond term it, are somewhat dissimilar," said Mr. Barrett. "Here a song is boomed chiefly by getting it sung from the stage. Artists and managers go to the publisher to secure the material for music halls, musical comedies and pantomimes. The songs are played over to them and they choose those numbers which appear most attractive. By this means the public gets to know the songs better than they could through the ordinary advertising channels. Sometimes we charge a fee for singing a song in a pantomime. In such a case, however, the manager, who pays the fee—generally two guineas—would have the exclusive right of using the song during the pantomime season within a certain area, which might prevent five or six neighboring managers, attracted by the song, from using it. Consequently, it is usually advisable to waive the question of fee for the bigger advertisement."

"Most of the latest songs which have 'caught on' here, *Bluebell*, *Pansy Faces*, etc., have been what are termed free songs; that is, songs which have been bought from America. In such a case any artist who cares to do so can sing them without payment of fee. In fact, we offer to present copies as well as band parts to any vaudeville artist who cares to sing the song to the public. It may or may not become popular. If it does, the public rush to buy copies and we profit accordingly."

"What is the method in America, Mr. Day?" Fred Day replied, "and instead of the artist and manager going to the publisher for what he wants, the publisher is obliged to run after the artist and manager if he doesn't want to be left behind. In America the publisher must first of all employ a large staff of pianist 'pluggers' and singers, whom he sends all over the country seeking out suitable performers and inducing them to visit the temporary offices opened in the various towns, to hear the latest compositions played and sung to them. And unless the artist can be induced to listen to and take up a song, the chance of making a success may be lost, otherwise Mr. Somebody Else may buttonhole the artist at the next corner and persuade him to sing the songs of another publisher."

"The 'plugger' is often at work until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, for the work usually has to be done after the evening performance, and early the next day he is busy ferreting out the whereabouts of another artist, or trying to get wind of rehearsals for new productions, into which some of his firm's songs may be introduced."

"This, however, is only one step toward the popularizing of a song. Having secured the artist and had the song produced and sung, with by the way, the assistance of 'friends' in the gallery, who have been previously coached in whistling and singing the melody, it is necessary to secure the valuable assistance of the conductor of the orchestra to get him to play the people with the melody of the song. A judicious tip will bring this about."—*Tit-Bits*.



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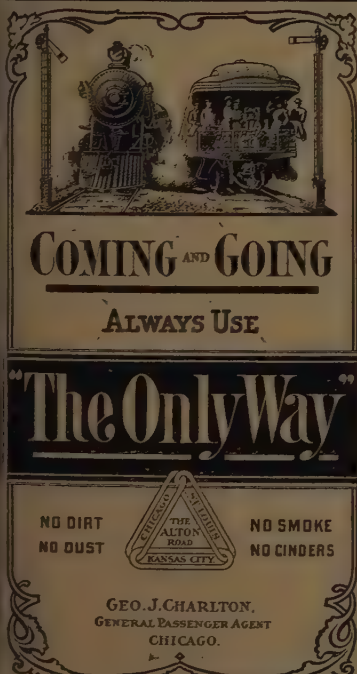


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GEO. J. CHARLTON, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT CHICAGO.

Plays of the Month

(Continued from page 261)

René returns to announce that he has broken his part of the agreement and has married, while abroad, the way is paved for the complete happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Eversleigh.

It requires no deep reading between the lines to discover that in the original French play there were situations and opportunities for Gallic daring that are missing in the English adaptation. Mr. Morton, however, has done his work with deftness and effective discretion. If deodorized, the comedy—it is really a farce—has lost neither its *raison d'être* nor its capacity for provoking genuine amusement. There are a few scenes in which the action drags for a while, but in the main "My Wife" is a bright and amusing entertainment of the lighter kind.

As Eversleigh, Mr. Drew has a rôle which makes no undue demand upon his histrionic powers. It is a graceful and bright part which the situation easily carries with a dash of sentiment at the close, rather hurriedly and superficially touched upon by Mr. Drew. It cannot be said that the star has broadened his theatric grasp. He is John Drew, as he usually is, suave, polished and sartorially impeccable.

To Miss Billie Burke, an English importation, is allotted the ingenuous wife. Miss Burke is youthful and pretty. In the beginning her innocence seems a trifle affected, but as she gets into the action her work improves and becomes dainty, finished and effective. Ferdinand Gottschalk contributes another of those inimitable characterizations of pesky young-men-about-town. He is deliciously droll. Frank Goldsmith cuts a laughable figure as René, and E. Soldene Powell is excellent as a head waiter. There are a number of subsidiary characters, all well played with the exception of Morton Selten, as the French father, who is hopelessly bad. The comedy is charmingly mounted.

HACKETT'S. "THE MOVERS." Drama in four acts by Martha Morton. Produced September 3 with this cast:

Chudleigh Manners, Vincent Serrano; Harold Ray, Malcolm Duncan; Marion Manners, Dorothy Donnelly; Marie, Desiree Lazard; the Rev. Lester Spicer, Edward See; Mrs. Archibald Leigh, Ida Waterman; Phillipina Leigh, Nellie Thorne; Archibald Leigh, W. J. Ferguson; John Stirling, Robert Conness; J. Randolph Chamberlain, Joseph Kigour; Mr. Gordon, Stanhope Wheatcroft; Miss Higgins, Mary Leslie Cahill; Mr. Gray, Abner H. Symmons; Mrs. Flinch, Myra Brooks; James, Lawrence Eddinger.

Martha Morton is a student of Schopenhauer. Like the German philosopher, she believes that the true mission of literature, the literature of the acted drama as well as the literature of the printed page, should lead humanity to ultimate happiness through a merciless and pessimistic analysis of the unhealthy conditions of our modern life. She began her career with "The Merchant," a play which exposed the vicious methods of modern business life. In her most recent work she showed how the extravagances of spendthrift wives may lead husbands to crime. In other words, this dramatist burns the midnight oil to some purpose and writes plays that are worth while. They are invariably sincere in purpose and always worth seeing. The author is not always able to hold her audience. There is, at times, some technical flaw which is responsible for the play as a whole falling short of complete success. But a thoughtful drama like "The Movers," dealing with vital problems and with as strong and profoundly moving a second act as we have seen on the local stage in years, is the kind of play our stage needs if it is to be lifted up from imbecility and triviality to become once more the recreation of intelligent men and women.

Chudleigh Manners, a young broker, and his wife Marion have been living beyond their means and the husband is powerless to avert the catastrophe. His wife is a neurotic, frivolous, pleasure-loving little woman whose chief delight is to frequent auction rooms and buy up a quantity of stuff she does not need. This character is drawn from life. There are thousands of young wives like Marion Manners. When the inevitable crash comes they are forced to sell everything at auction. Marion is somewhat sobered by this setback, but she is not yet discouraged. With the few thousands realized by the sale they can, she says, begin life anew. But her husband tells her that the amount is not enough to save them and he admits that he is a defaulter for many thousands more. Then, for the first time, the wife realizes that her own folly and extravagance are to blame and she falls weeping and repentant into Chudleigh's arms. This scene of extreme dramatic intensity is exceedingly well managed and holds the audience as in a vise. She may yet be able to save him, for the affable auctioneer, whose



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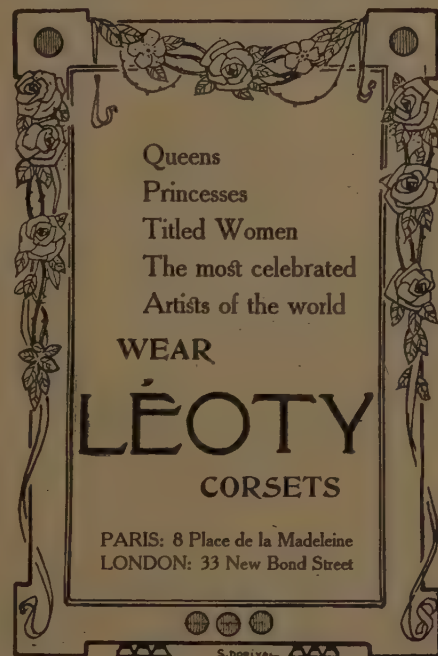
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preciated by women of refine-
ment. Lablache is invisible.
Tan, freckles, redness, rough-
ness, sallowness and wrinkles
as well as that oily, shiny ap-
pearance are obliterated by a
touch of this great beautifier.

Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink,
or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. Send 10c. for sample.
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Dept. 26 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



purpose is very obvious, offers to help her hus-
band financially, but the latter, happily unconscious
of this last indignity, has already shot himself in
another room. In the following act we find an-
other family—Marion's sister—who married an-
other young broker, installed in the same house
and living in the same forced style beyond their
means. This idea of the dramatist, which has been
criticized in some quarters, is really significant, for
it means that no matter how severe the lesson, no
one else seems willing to profit by it. The weak-
ness of this young wife is ambition. She is anx-
ious to shine in society and has turned her house
upside down for a grand reception, while the
husband is worrying about the bills. Their baby
falls ill from neglect. At this moment Marion
reappears in the guise of a trained nurse. She
has learned her lesson and seeks regeneration
through honest employment. Incidentally, she is
loved by a physician who has figured prominently
throughout the play. The socially ambitious sister,
horrified at seeing one of her family doing any-
thing useful, taunts her, whereupon Marion turns
around and denounces the entire family for their
unmoral manner of living, convincing all of them
that she is right, even a reprobate old father who
could not turn an honest penny, if he would.

The last two acts were weak by contrast with
those that had gone before. The third was a fairly
effective act, but the interest diminished steadily
from the point where Chudleigh shoots himself.
The return of Marion as a nurse struck a false
note. It would have been better if she were a de-
pendent in her sister's home. She could have an-
nounced her intention of going out as a trained
nurse, but it is improbable that a proud woman
would seek paid employment in the home of her
own family. It is the improbabilities in a play
that are often fatal to success. It is easier to
criticize plays than to write them. "The Movers"
with all its shortcomings was a masterpiece
compared with some of the plays that draw
crowds nowadays. It deserved to succeed be-
cause it presented an interesting problem, pointed
a fine moral and had sincerity of purpose behind
it.

The play was admirably acted. Dorothy Don-
nelly, who gives greater promise in every rôle
she essays, was excellent in the part of the wife,
which she played with much charm, naturalness
and force. The frivolous, restless character of the
young wife, as well as her unhappiness and repen-
tance, were indicated with a sureness of touch
and authority that ranks Miss Donnelly among the
most successful of our young emotional actresses.
Vincent Serrano was too jerky in the first act. At
times his speech was unintelligible. But later he
rose to his opportunity. Malcolm Duncan was sur-
prisingly good as Ray. This young actor promises
to be another Richard Bennett. Nellie Thorne
acted cleverly the rôle of the ambitious young sis-
ter, and Ida Waterman left nothing to be desired
as the mother. The one disappointment was the
reprobate old father as played by W. J. Ferguson.
Everyone expected that this veteran actor would
make a hit in the part. The truth is that he bur-
lesqued it. Mr. Harris gave the play an excep-
tionally handsome setting.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity has made it famous."

MADISON SQUARE. "THE MAN ON THE
CASE." Comedy in three acts by Grace L. Fur-
niss. Produced September 4 with this cast:

Carroll Dempsey, James Lee Finney; Courtenay Long-
acre, Neil Moran; Victor Longacre, Robert Tessemann;
Berterton, Charles Lamb; Watkins, Fred W. Peters;
Hunter, Chester Beecroft; Uncle "Andy" Dempsey,
William Herbert; Mrs. Longacre, Mary Hampton; Nell
Longacre, Elsie Leslie; Mrs. Henry Bicknell, Jeannette
Ferrall; Kitty Bicknell, Josephine Brown; Mrs. Berterton,
Ellen Day.

A diverting farce is always welcome. The form
is not extinct. One of the amusing manifesta-
tions of commercial management is the new decree
which goes forth practically with the beginning of
each season, that such and such a kind of play is
dead. There is some compensation to the public
and to authors to find this decree is reversed, tem-
porarily at least, at the beginning of some other
season. Seeing that the matter usually rights it-
self, we have no particular quarrel with the con-
duct of managing the stage as a business. It is
a business, and plays must entertain. The degree
of that entertainment can usually be estimated in
financial terms. Managers or actors who think
otherwise, gayly produce, for example, the utterly
inept imaginings and lofty poetic vaporings of
Browning to their own self-exaltation and per-
sonal discomfiture. Browning knew everything
about something and something about everything
except playwriting. Macready as much as told
him so in a violent quarrel they had over the re-
construction of one of his plays. Browning's plays
will never entertain and will never pay. Almost
the sole reason is that they are technically def-
icient. Say what we may about commercial man-
agement, there is one requirement, on the part of
the public as well as on the part of the managers,
that a play should be technically well done.

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licious, exclusiv-
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not capable of spending your own money?
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what you ask for and refusing any substitute.
Substitutes pay him a larger profit, other-
wise he would give you what you ask for, with-
out question. Manufacturers of advertised ar-
ticles produce large quantities, being enabled to
to manufacture cheaply and furnish the public
with high grade goods at the price of inferior
substitutes.

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the Man on the Case" tends to prove this. It is only where it is technically bad. A part of the third act, particularly the ending of the play, is impossible. The picturesque stage setting of the act is a curious indication of the progress in stage management in which farce, for the time, shares. The scene represents the garden of a summer inn near the marshes, with windmills of water and a distant view of the sea. In the background are seen two lighthouses with their ringing signals. When farce flourished fifty years ago it had no such accessories. Of course, there is something amusing in beautiful scenery, but such pictures are helpful in their pleasing effects. Farce can live in such an atmosphere, without detriment; but this very tendency of stage management to use its tricks ruins the ending of this play. A storm comes up and the lover makes his declarations while trying to protect from the girl who is standing with him on a bench under a tree. The downpour drowns out the humor of the situation. Hats are blown away by the terrific wind. It is a piece of stage managerial nonsense. The author herself cannot be responsible for this last act. There is no humor in it. Playwriting proper is blown to the winds. Miss Furniss had done so well in the first two acts that it was plain that she had been overruled in the last act.

We are constantly calling attention to the evil influence of certain kinds of stage managers who have the upper hand. They will convince themselves finally, perhaps, that they have too much to say and will be willing to yield some of their overgrown authority to the author, where it belongs. The complications of the farce, as we would expect, are more or less familiar, but there is much in it which denotes that Miss Furniss possesses a free and independent spirit of humor. We see this in many details of incident; character expressions that do not belong in the old box tricks. It is difficult to describe with justice a play of any length. It is sufficient to say that a band, with a marriageable daughter and an official distress, pawns his wife's diamonds and is forced to call in a detective as a matter of form. It has been determined that the daughter should marry a young man of millions whose family is of noble origin and who is supposed to be undisciplined in habits and manners. He comes to visit the girl, he is tossed out of his automobile and caught into the house unconscious. He is not recognized, and during the ministrations to him discovers that the girl is unwilling to marry him and that a detective has been sent for to solve the mystery of the disappearance of the diamonds. He persuades the detective to change identities with him. Complications begin and for two acts the farce is very diverting.

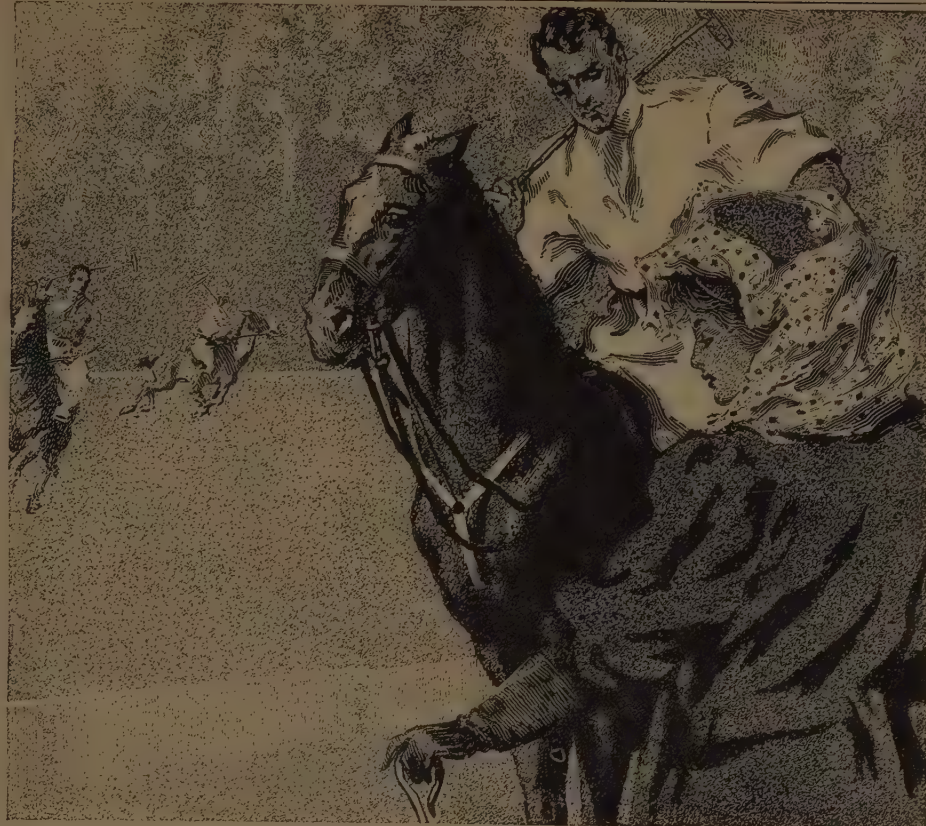
New complications are added in the last act, but they do not entirely destroy the interest until the very madman introduces Bedlam. On the whole, the play is a good entertainment. The acting is spirited and well done. Miss Elsie Leslie charmingly fulfils the promise of her early history. She will no doubt continue to grow rapidly in her art. Mr. Jameson Lee Finney, as the young millionaire who wins the girl on his merits as the detective, is improving in spontaneity of humor.

HUDSON. "CLASSMATES." Play in four acts by William C. DeMille and Margaret Turnbull. Produced August 29 with this cast:

Bobby Dumble, Frank McIntyre; "Silent Clay," Sidney Ainsworth; Bert Stafford, Wallace Eddinger; Harry Jones, E. M. Dresser; Duncan Irving, Robert Edison; George Lindsay, Macey Harlam; Mr. Irving, George W. Drum; Mrs. Stafford, Maude Granger; Phyllis Stafford, Marjorie Wood; Sylvia Randolph, Flora Juliet Bowley; Captain Lane, J. H. Hall; Miss Harvey, Millicent McLaughlin; Dick Owens, Ernest Wilkes; Maid at Ran- ph, Helen Dahl.

It would not require a strong searchlight to reveal the trivialities in which this play abounds. It takes many tedious moments for the play to get to its feet. One is often more than doubtful about the humor and is awake to the artificiality in some of the circumstances of scenes that contain elements of real truth and power. The recent tendency to exploit the doings of young whelps at college, with their eyes still unopened, in their college pranks; boys of the militia in camp, with their imbecilities in the way of blanket-tossing and the like, and football athletes in their brutalities, does not always result in completeness of entertainment. The doings of these more or less responsible people are no doubt very interesting to themselves and to immature spectators, but so much of it is inane that the dramatists who seek to put such life on the stage should exercise great care to spare the audience all the stupidity possible. Occasionally we have diverting scenes for the kind, but more often they are a drag, for they are generally purely episodic.

In the first act of this play we see the West Point cadets in camp. If the ceremonies of hazing at West Point are so foolish as represented in this play, it should be beyond the forbearance of the government of this great country to permit it



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for a single moment. Two cadets love the same girl, a not unusual circumstance even in drama, but it is rather unusual for the father of one of the young men to come into the camp, go into a tent with the villain and proceed to get drunk in order to disgrace his own son. Of course, the old man did not intend to get drunk and had no wish to disgrace his son, but it was necessary for him to do so in order to start the machinery of the play. His performance, therefore, was not entirely reprehensible. The son is duly disgraced, all the young men are expelled from West Point, and between the drinks of the father, or, rather, while the curtain is down between the first and second acts, the rival loses himself in the jungles of the Amazon, which is situated in South America, at a considerable distance from Broadway, his guides having abandoned him, probably because of a knowledge of his conduct.

He had lied to Sylvia, and she loved him apparently because of it and engages herself to him. The explanation of her love for the insufferable cad can only be explained by the unexplainable-ness of woman. She tells the good young man that he must go in search of her fiancé, give him her love and tell him to come back. This scene between Sylvia and the worthy cadet is well managed. The young woman really loves the man whom she is sending on this mission. He says that he is going for her sake. She refuses that point of view. He will go in order to bring the other young man back and then fight it out for her hand.

We arrive in the jungle, the really powerful scene of the play. The scene is filled with detail and is managed in a masterly way. The acting here also deserves recognition. Mr. Robert Edson and Mr. Wallace Eddinger distinguish themselves as never before by the naturalness and forcefulness of their work. The young scamp who had been abandoned by his guides makes us pity him in his forlorn, ragged, unkempt, starving and delirious condition. The rescuers, three cadets in all, meet him. They themselves are lost and deserted by their guides. They are without food, and have only a drop or two of brandy left in a canteen. This, after a struggle of selfishness, except on the part of one rescuer, the rival, is given to the famishing man to revive him. That which is meant to be the most picturesque and perhaps the most thrilling part of the scene is where Mr. Edson climbs a great tree and attaches a fragment of a shirt to it as a signal to the outside world. This new form of wireless telegraphy was most successful, for it is seen at a distance of ten miles and caused a message to be flashed to these lost souls by a heliograph sent by their rescuers. It is needless to say that Mr. Edson had his opportunities in this scene and was equal to them.

The comedy is, for the most part, slight in its nature, but it served its purpose and gave Mr. Frank McIntyre an opportunity to establish himself in favor as a comedian.

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Judged by the standards of melodrama of the better sort, better in that its expedients grow out of the conditions of the play and are not mere reminiscences, as in the cheaper sort, "The Round-up" is well contrived for popular success. It must always be borne in mind, if we are to give ourselves to the enjoyment of such a piece, that it was "made to sell." It avoids the cheapness of sentimentality and permits its love affair to occasion a series of scenes of uncommon theatrical effectiveness in addition to comedy moments that serve to keep the action in constant movement. It has one scene that strongly exhibits the imaginative resourcefulness and mechanical expertness of the stage of to-day.

Two men have loved the same girl. One of them has been absent and not heard from for two years. The other takes advantage of the girl's belief that he is dead, has, indeed, been in communication with him, and gains her consent to a marriage. The ceremony is in progress in the house, when the man thus betrayed reappears. He is persuaded by the father of the girl to leave. She learns later of the facts and sends her husband after him to bring him back. He is found in the Badlands of Arizona, having wandered there in search of gold and become lost. Exhausted and famishing, delirious with thirst, he is about to perish. The scene between the two men is interrupted by the peril of an attack on them by a



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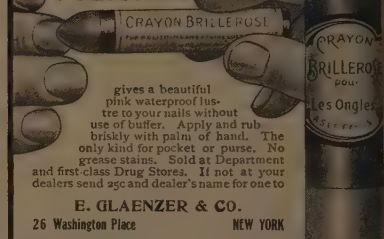
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l of Apaches. The plot is so contrived that the sheriff is also in pursuit of the husband, who is charged with a murder by reason of his having a considerable amount of money in a transaction for which he could not account, but about which the audience has knowledge and which is actually cleared up to the satisfaction of the characters involved.

The principal scene represents a depression or a mountain side, with a mass of rocks on both sides. Rugged mountains are seen in the distance. Dawn breaks over them with an effect that has been made possible by recent improvements in the management of lights and scenery. Presently some horsemen, the sheriff and his party pass down into the valley beyond the range of rocks overhanging it. After a moment a mounted Indian, in his war paint and all his accoutrements of trappings, advances into the steep descent on the mountain side, followed by a formidable band, single file. They in turn disappear into the valley. They discover the two men and begin shooting from below. Their fate seems at hand. Suddenly one the attacking Indians appear. One is crept over the path used by the riders and, after the exchange of a shot or two, he is instantly killed, his body falling limp over the rock remaining lifeless there during the fight that follows. As they are about to be overcome, the sheriff and his party rush on and the ledge or cliff described is filled by a troop of United States soldiers who have with them a piece of field-fire artillery. It is needless to describe the scene, if indeed its details could be described. We simply mention it by way of recording a rather notable achievement of its kind.

Being melodrama and filled with a variety of characters and stirring incidents, Mr. Macklyn's play is naturally subordinate, but he does his part and does it well. He will do better if he could eliminate some of his sayings, which are superfluous and outworn. He tells one of the characters who has drawn a small pistol on him that if he shoots him and he finds it out, he will kill him. The inordinate number of pronouns that we have found it necessary to use in the preceding sentence does not invalidate the fact that Mr. Arbuckle's speech is based on an anecdote current about 50 years ago, when the pepper-box pistol was in use. "If that is coffee, give me tea; if it is tea, give me coffee" has been attributed to Tom Corwin, but it is probably quite as old as Joe Miller. However, it is only one of the allusions that the play was made to sell. We not only grant the success of any play so made, but which does succeed, but in passing, call attention to some of the methods used. The purpose is undoubtedly accomplished. No opportunity is lost in making points that will amuse. The mother of the girl about to be married, just before they are to go into the house, begins to weep. The contagious effect of this is that the stoutest of the cowboys are more or less affected. It is not the end of a play that Bernard Shaw would write. We mean, of course, that he would get his laughter by a different process; but it requires a good deal of skill to carry the action along as successfully as is done in this piece. There is one scene in the actual round-up of the cattle, or rather on the occasion of it, in which the cowboys ride across the stage, one of them on a bucking bronco. The exhibition is altogether genuine. The scene will no doubt thrive.

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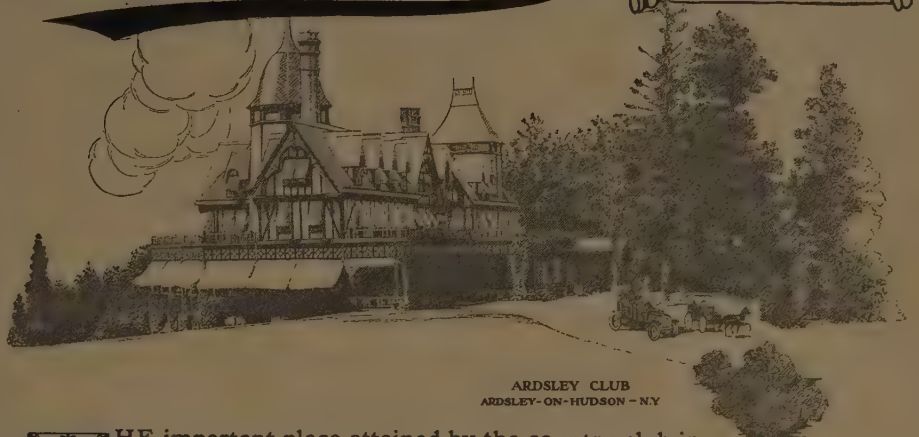
LYRIC. "THE LADY FROM LANE'S." Comedy in three acts by George Broadhurst and Gustave Kerker. Produced August 19 with this cast:

Singleton Seabright, Thomas Wise; Wayland Clingstone, Robert Peyton Carter; Arthur Gilbert, Percy Bronson; Lieut. King, Walter Percival; Lord Choppentott, Lionel Walsh; Front, William Barrows; Johnson, Frank Selley; Florence Gilbert, Ida Hawley; Mamie Morris, George Lawrence; Arabella Clingstone, Mrs. E. A. Berle; Adelaide Foster, Truly Shattuck; Henry Andrews, John Brander; William Darrow, Frank Unger.

Mr. Thomas Wise is an able comedian. His personality is funny; he has a perfect command of the tricks of his trade and an intimate knowledge of the stage. Usually he is the whole show in himself. He is so in this instance. "The Lady from Lane's" is a fairly good farce. It tells a good story and is worked out with skill and humor; but the manner in which the plot is interrupted by the music is not so deftly done as Hoyt used to do it. There is a drop in interest when the singers take hold and a distinct effort made to revive it when the musical numbers are concluded. There is also a lack of delicacy in which the ensembles are treated. There is too much slapdash in the place of *finesse*, but all work with vigorous abandon and there are few moments in which the action really drags. Gustave Kerker's score has the true rhythmical quality. It is well orchestrated and several of the numbers are destined to popularity. Mr. Wise plays Singleton Seabright, who,

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ng been robbed by his cashier, proceeds un down his man by taking the defaulter's own ie. A female detective from Lane's Agency, ource, mistakes him for the real offender, and of these premises grow the usual complica- s for three acts of cross purposes. Truly Shat- c, as the detective who finally runs down Sea- ht to the altar, acts with marked vivacity, le Georgia Lawrence, as an assertive maid, squeraded as her mistress, is genuinely funny.

IAJESTIC. "THE OTHER HOUSE." Fan- ic comedy in three acts by Harry and Edward lton. Produced August 30 with this cast:

osalie, Gertrude Swiggett; Lucy Upton, Adelaide ola; Bert Hardley, Martin G. Brown; Jabez Ven- y, William Humphreys; Judy Hake, Sarah McVicker; Katherine Florence; Harrison, Jack Dean; Daniel e, Richard Golden; Wm. Nicholl, Edwin Mordant; nch, John Hughes; Fay Lofty, Ruth Allen; Deffner, liam Lawrence.

n "The Other House" the authors have suc- ded in creating an admirable rôle for Richard lden. It is that of a Yankee inventor who in a ment of despair in the face of poverty signs ay his talents to a wealthy manufacturer, under supposition that the latter is the devil whom he ; just invoked. The misunderstanding in the ple, churchly inventor's mind leads to several using situations. The rôle is admirably vital- d into a quaint, lovable, humorous original per- onality, simple and credulous, yet touchingly autiful. A more subtle study of the typical high- nd Yankee the stage has not known in many asons. As a character creation it is replete th light and shade. The play itself contains hting else worthy of note outside this solitary minating personality in which pathos and humor e so cleverly blended. It is the necessary, con- tional frame for a striking portrait. The plot simple and unobtrusive. The remaining charac- ers are mere shadows that flit in the background, d so throw into bold relief the one vital human ing in the little tragi-farce of a small New ngland town. Without the talents of a Golden make plausible the inventor's belief in a super- tural evil power, able to assume human form at ll, the comedy would resolve itself into sheer nsense. If one is able to overlook this absurdity d place oneself in sympathetic touch with super- tion for two hours, then some measure of en- yment may be extracted from the whole. As a ay, it is questionable pabulum, being neither h, flesh nor fowl. Character dominates plot, ad the latter remains a hazy background. Mr. lden is supported by an excellent company, in- cluding Katherine Florence and William Hum- freys. A comedy part, that of a young house- old servant named Rosalie, bristling with silly nes and sillier business, and totally unneces- ary to the action, might be omitted with profit.

GARRICK. "WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD." arce in three acts by Charles Marlow. Produced ugust 20 with this cast:

Sir Guy de Vere, Francis Wilson; Isaac Isaacson, eorge Irving; Hon. Charles Widdicombe, Augustin uncan; Rev. Peter Pottleberry, D.D., Clarence Hand- des; Sir Brian Ballymote, Campbell Gollan; Wittle, ctor Benoit; Barker, Joseph Allen; Lady Rowena ggington, Pauline Frederick; Lady Millicent Egginton, dna Bruns; Lady Marjorie Eggington, Ruth Barry; Miss Isaacson, Margaret Gordon; Kate Pottleberry, delaide Wilson; Hon. Mrs. Waldegrave, Florence dneey; Alice Barker, Elsa Garret.

No matter what his vehicle may be, Francis Wilson is always irresistibly funny. This come- dian's gift for provoking honest laughter would make the fortune of any manager and playwright. rom this viewpoint his value is incalculable, for eople don't have to worry about the merits or emerits of the play. They go to see Wilson— at's all. "When Knights Were Bold" does not fford the actor as good opportunities for clever pooling as other pieces he has appeared in, but it nswers the purpose. Reminiscent in its idea and treatment of one of last season's successes, "The Road to Yesterday," it is full of the tricks and omic situations that Mr. Wilson knows how to lay to perfection. Sir Guy de Vere, an up-to- ate little English bounder whose tastes run to ard-playing and horse-racing rather than to ad- niring the chivalrous exploits of his doughty ncestors, is pestered by his friends, who are con- stantly dinning into his ears his family's proud ast. Sir Guy does not care a rap about his an- estors, and his lack of family pride disgusts Lady Rowena, a romantically inclined young woman who is betrothed to him. Incidentally, Lady Ro- wena is run after for her money by Sir Brian Ballymote, a titled adventurer. Sir Guy gets his eet wet and is put to bed, when he dreams he is ctually living in the Middle Ages. The proto- ypes of the people he knew in modern life all ap- ear and no end of droll complications arise out of this fanciful idea. Lady Rowena, a blood- thirsty maiden, urges him to fight a mortal duel with Sir Brian, and this combat in armor is one of the funniest scenes in the piece, which is played with spirit throughout and furnishes capital enter- ainment.

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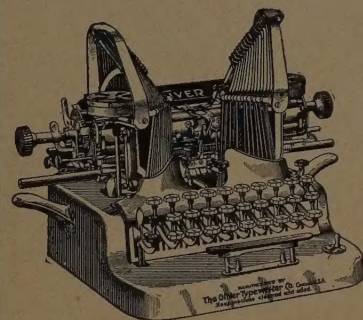
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WEST END. Season of grand opera in En-
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Cassavani; Lionel, Geo. Talman, Edward Whit-
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Richmond, William Welsh; Molly Pitt, Juliet Ros-
Polly Smith, Katherine Naefz; Betsy Witt, Ella
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A new régime has been inaugurated at
West End Theatre. This comfortable little
house, sometime the home of melodrama, and
the stage for burlesque, has been converted
an opera house, and announces among its pro-
ductions works ranging from "Ermine" and "Re-
Hood" to "Tannhäuser" and "Lucia di Lam-
moor." Whether an audience accustomed to
stimulus of the thrillers or hungering for
jokes of "The Rays" will sit contently thro-
the presentation of "Lohengrin," remains to
seen. The opening night, if one may judge a
thing by that uncertain period, would argue
prosperous season, for the crowded house
most hearty in appreciation of Flotow's op-
"Martha," presented to them for the first time
English. Good music is always good music, and
does not require a Broadway audience to re-
cognize its merits. This, with an average of
voices and attractive staging, may bring the
serious works into popular favor. As yet, the
choruses are not in harmony and there is a
plorable "playing to the gallery," by introduc-
burlesque situations into quiet moments. Mr.
Pauline Perry has an unusually sweet voice and
a dignity and reserve in acting that could well
followed by other members of the company.
Later productions have been "Rigoletto" and
"Trovatore." The experiment of giving the
operas in English will be watched with interest.

BROADWAY. "THE ROGERS BROTHERS
PANAMA." Musical play. Book by Messrs. S.
vester Maguire and Aaron Hoffman; score
Mr. Max Hoffman; lyrics by Mr. Edwa-
Madden.

The appearance of the dialect German co-
medians in a new offering usually reveals mere
a change of locale and a new setting as a base
on which to build inconsequential wit and har-
less horseplay. The Rogers Brothers are invari-
ably just themselves in whatever clime. Panam
seems to afford them ample opportunity for hu-
mor, though at times somewhat strained. Still
they continue to meet with undoubted favor, and
every sally is greeted with shrieks of merriment
more genuine and spontaneous than the wit itself.
It is irrelevant, then, to carp. Panama give
them opportunity as well for a bewitching setting,
which the producers have taken advantage of.
Both scenery and costumes are artistically ad-
quate. While it is historically doubtful whether
a bull fight ever actually occurred on the famous
isthmus, nevertheless by dramatic license a bu-
fighting scene is introduced, with the comedian
as matadores. It is a moment of original fun-
making which makes a direct appeal to simple
minds. The scene is good, and might by the ap-
plication of a little thought be developed into
truly humorous situation. While the attempt to
seize or analyze the plot in which the funmaking
hinges leaves one only amazed and bewildered
the lyrics on the other hand have merit, and for
the most part the music is above the average.
There are several conspicuously good numbers,
with the warmth and seductive swing of sunlit
lands within their measures. The comedians are
ably supported by a good cast. The Hengle
Sisters lend atmosphere by neatly executed Span-
ish dances. Miss Marion Stanley, pleasing both
in voice and personality, lends a note of charming
dignity to the performance. Alfred Hickmar
also succeeds in suggesting sanity and poise in the
midst of a hurricane of irrational but successful
nonsense.

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lication. It is so far ahead of anything else de-
voted to the stage, and its editorial conduct is so
consistently in the direction of uplifting the stage
and inspiring better dramatic standards, that
everyone interested in such matters should be a
reader and loyal supporter. Being a life-long
newspaper man, I know the value and stimulating
effect of a sincere word of praise when one is
making a conscientious effort to do good, effective
work along any line. More power to you and
your peerless publication.

Fraternally yours,

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